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THE NEW YEAR.

TWO high authorities—the German EMPEROR and Lord DERBY—have just made their forecast for the New Year, and their forecast comes to much the same as the forecast of ordinary people, and is to the effect that things look bad, but not very bad. Both the EMPEROR and the EARL start with the comfortable conviction that his country is on the right road if it will only stick to it. The EMPEROR notices with genuine satisfaction the working of the system of repression which has been adopted in Germany. There has already been much wholesome repression exercised, enough to make him proud and grateful, but much more is wanted, and the EMPEROR has a just confidence that what is wanting will be supplied. It is, indeed, an article of which a Government such as that of which he is the head is not likely to run short. The only danger is that the country, which undoubtedly is not seriously averse to it at present, may get tired of it, and so the EMPEROR says a strong word or two to encourage the halting and stimulate the languid. In the same way Lord DERBY speaks of Free-trade. It is by Free-trade that we have become rich; and it is by Free-trade alone that we can remain rich; and all sensible Englishmen must join in instantly suppressing those who are inclined through the badness of the times to favour Protection under its new name of reciprocity. Everything that Lord DERBY said on this head was marked by his usual good sense; and it would be difficult to add to his review of the causes of hope or alarm as to our general trade. There is no reason to suppose that, if our trade is conducted on sound principles, England can be beaten in the open competition of the world; but at present our trade is languishing from a concurrence of causes, such as the investment of too much capital in particular forms of business, adulteration of exported goods, the waste of capital by investment in rotten foreign securities, and the superabundance of labour. For each of these evils there is an available remedy. The excess of capital invested in business will in times like these soon prove to have been lost, and so there will be a natural end of it. We need not lose our foreign markets by the most disgraceful forms of adulteration unless we please; the public is heartily tired of rotten foreign loans; and a new tide of emigration can take off our surplus labour. Some, again, of the causes of distress are purely accidental calamities. Famines in China and India have impoverished millions of our distant customers, and, as Lord DERBY put it, many an English child has gone supperless to bed because the inhabitants of a remote province in China were perishing from starvation. Special causes like these go as they come, and we may reasonably hope that they will be conspicuous by their absence in the year that is just beginning.

On two points, however, Lord DERBY's remarks seem to need a little emendation to make them quite correct; and they are points closely connected with the prospects of the year. In order to get back to really good times we must have peace, and we must have more self-restraint in the working classes. Lord DERBY did not say a word about the foreign policy of the Government he has quitted, but he pointed out in a very strong and marked manner the dangerous influence of certain classes of society in the direction of a war, simply that there may somehow be a war. There are, he said, in the first place, the military men flushed with the excellence of a new

system, anxious to test it practically and growing accustomed to write up their views through the press, and these military men have not only the influence which they themselves possess, but also that which their families command, and the social influence of these families is, in many cases, very considerable. Then there are those, army contractors and so forth, who hope to make private fortunes through a war. Lastly, there are all those who apprehend that their special interests would be endangered if Parliament gave itself to domestic reforms, and who are glad to find the attention of Parliament and of the nation distracted by questions of foreign policy. There can be little doubt that influences in the direction of a war exist in England. There never was a great nation in which they did not exist, and Lord DERBY is perfectly well able to form an estimate of the tone and tendency of high English society, and has been so often and so long Minister, that he cannot be under a delusion as to the pressure to which he has been exposed. But then, if it is assumed, as it must be assumed, that there is such a thing as a just and necessary war, there are other classes who have an undue leaning against all war. Many persons hate all military operations as much as soldiers love them. There is a very much larger number of persons who would suffer in their private fortunes through war than of persons who would gain by it; and if those who fear Parliamentary reforms are glad that the attention of the public should be directed abroad, those who are eager for these reforms detest being balked of their aims by war, or the rumour of war. Of the two sets of influences, those working for any war that can be got, and those working against all war, the latter are, we think, the more permanently powerful. But the nation as a whole is not guided by either set of influences. It is sometimes in a flurry, and sometimes supine; but as a rule it is averse from war unless it thinks it cannot avoid fighting, and then it will fight. For the New Year good ground for hoping that peace will be maintained is furnished by observing that all other nations happen from various causes to be just now of the same mind as England.

Lord DERBY also discoursed on the thrift, or rather want of thrift, and drunkenness of the lower classes in England, and he went over the old familiar argument that the English people pay to their Government forty millions sterling for duties on intoxicating liquors and tobacco, and that, if they only drank and smoked half as much, they would pay only half as much in the form of taxation. As an arithmetical computation such a statement is beyond criticism. Half the consumption means half the yield of the taxes on what is consumed. But the arithmetical computation is remote from real life. England is a very drunken nation, but if it ceased to be a very drunken nation it would contribute much more than twenty millions to the Exchequer for liquors and tobacco. There is no great good in putting before the working classes an ideal that cannot be attained. If, at the end of a long and useful life, Lord DERBY found that he and others had preached the cause of temperance so well that the revenue from liquors and tobacco had decreased by a fifth instead of a half, much more would have been accomplished than there is at present reason for expecting. Working men like those whom Lord DERBY addressed at Rochdale are still, and, we fear, will continue to be, exceptions to the

rule. But, nevertheless, in estimating our prospects we must take cognizance of the existence of such men, and we must allow that the stern lessons of hard times may make such men more numerous. That they should become more numerous is of much more consequence than that the question which naturally and properly occupied the attention of Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH as to the issue of the next general election should be this way or that. Political parties are a part of our political life, and there can be no objection to a Conservative saying that the Conservatives are sure to win, or to a Liberal saying exactly the contrary. But if ever the day comes when the working classes are better educated, more thrifty, and more abstemious, a party will, it may be guessed, be gradually formed which will not fit precisely into the Conservative or the Liberal groove. On such a party no English statesman is so likely to have a firm hold as Lord DERBY. This is certainly not saying much for his chances of power, but it is saying much for the peculiar turn and temper of his mind.

#### THE AFGHAN WAR.

WHILE Liberal writers and orators busily prosecute the controversy on the origin of the Afghan war, the actual campaign seems to be almost suspended, probably in consequence of the weather. A part of Sir S. BROWNE's force is probably by this time in winter quarters at the further end of the Khyber Pass. No explanation has been given of the false report that YAKOOB KHAN had arrived at Jellalabad. The contradiction of the story caused some disappointment; though, if it had been true, the question would still have remained whether he was a ruler anxious to make peace or a fugitive in need of protection. It is strange that nothing is known of SHERE ALI's relations to his son, of his present place of abode, or of the causes of his departure from Cabul. The most probable conjecture is that YAKOOB KHAN has succeeded to power against the wish of the AMEER; but it is still possible that he may exercise authority in his name. It is of great importance that there should be a settled Government in Afghanistan with which it may be possible to treat. On the other hand, it would be rash hastily to recognize a temporary occupant of the throne, who may at any time relapse into the condition of a pretender. There is nothing improbable in the rumour that SHERE ALI left the capital in company with the members of the Russian Mission. If he claimed the personal protection of the officer in command of the escort, his request could scarcely be refused. If he has left his own dominions, he has probably chosen one of the protected States for his residence in preference to nominally Russian territory. There is no reason to suppose that the last has been heard of a vigorous and ambitious Prince. If YAKOOB KHAN proves or professes to be friendly to England, it may eventually be expedient to recognize him as his father's successor.

The reported definitive annexation by General ROBERTS of the Kuram district requires explanation. It is impossible to suppose that a military officer would perform so grave a political act except under the express orders of the Government; yet the VICEROY has not, as far as is yet known, issued any proclamation on the subject. If the report is confirmed, it must be assumed that the Indian Government had before the beginning of the campaign considered that the annexed district was indispensable in the delineation of a scientific frontier; yet the object might have been attained for the purposes of the present war by military occupation, while questions of territorial acquisition might have been postponed till after the conclusion of peace. Whenever negotiations commence, the ruler of Afghanistan for the time being will endeavour to retain all the dominions which SHERE ALI possessed before the rupture. The partial or total restoration of conquests would be a proper subject of diplomacy; and the Indian Government might at least reject any claim for restitution to which there were sufficient objections. The formal and immediate annexation of the Kuram district, if it has really taken place, ties the hands of the Government, and it can scarcely fail to irritate the Afghan chiefs on whose support YAKOOB KHAN must depend. Still graver irritation will be caused if the Government determines not only to occupy but to keep Candahar. There are conflicting accounts of the

strength of the garrison; but there is little doubt that the place can be taken at the recommencement of the campaign, or perhaps even before the army goes into winter quarters. The possession would probably be burdensome, and it would be a serious obstacle to a permanent friendly understanding with the Afghan Government. The late Parliamentary debates and the course of public discussion have proved that the country has no wish to acquire additional territory. Statesmen of all parties have agreed that it is expedient to preserve in Afghanistan a strong and friendly State. It is true that Candahar has been sometimes independent of Cabul; but a division of territory among chiefs belonging to the reigning family is not so incompatible with the maintenance of national unity as the forced transfer of a province to English rule. The frontier district which is said to have been already annexed may possibly not owe undisputed allegiance to the Ameer of CABUL; but it will undoubtedly be claimed as Afghan territory. The explanation of the measure, if it has really been taken, will be awaited with anxiety.

The Government ought to bear in mind that the object of the war has been partially attained. The vigour with which the winter campaign has been conducted indicates the forethought of the Government, and consequently furnishes an answer to the doubts which had been expressed whether Lord LYTON had chosen the most convenient time for beginning the war. The successes of the troops, and still more the practical proof that the Indian Government was not unprepared for war, had probably some influence over the direct negotiations between England and Russia. Not being ready, or not being inclined to risk a rupture, the Russian Government has of late, as far as it appears, neither urged untenable pretensions nor refused compliance with reasonable demands. The real cause of the war was the ostentatious mission to Cabul, although, as several Ministers lately explained, the technical reason was the refusal to receive an English Envoy. It is certain that, if Sir NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN had been received at Cabul, his first demand would have been that the Russian Envoy should be dismissed. The presence of the rival mission would have been a continual affront to the representative of England. The use of force was unavoidable if no other means could be found of convincing both the AMEER and the Indian subjects of England that the establishment of Russian influence at Cabul, or even an attempt at Russian interference, would not be endured. The advance of English columns into different portions of Afghan territory has formed the necessary demonstration, and the withdrawal of the Russian Mission serves as a notice that the undertaking made with England a few years ago will henceforth be observed. Mr. GLADSTONE and some other assailants of the Ministry have rashly complained that the assurances of the Russian Government as to the complimentary character of General KAUFMANN's correspondence were too readily accepted by Lord SALISBURY. Prince GORTCHAKOFF, if he desired to maintain the extreme pretensions of his Government, would probably have preferred the course which Mr. GLADSTONE recommends to the policy actually pursued by the Government. A profession of disbelief in the Russian Minister's statements, combined with practical acquiescence in the continued residence of the mission at Cabul, would have been at the same time offensive and weak. It is generally a rule of diplomacy to accord ostensible belief to every assertion, but to act on the best judgment which can be formed as to the real facts of the case. It matters little whether Lord SALISBURY, when he was told that the Russian Envoy had left Cabul, was misled into a belief that the mission was withdrawn. The Russian Minister probably intended to convey the impression, although Mr. GLADSTONE, with instinctive love of a quibble, contends that the distinction between an Envoy and a mission ought to have been clearly apprehended. It is more to the purpose to know that the Russian assurance has now become substantially as well as literally true.

The apparent good faith with which Russia is now executing the Treaty of Berlin in Europe affords some security against the renewal of dangerous complications on the Indian frontier. Some time since, when an opposite policy was in favour, Russian journalists were never tired of explaining the necessity of embarrassing England at Cabul for the purpose of extorting concessions in Bulgaria or Roumelia. The abandonment of schemes for disturbing the settlement of Berlin coincides with the re-



sumption of a neutral position in Central Asia. Russian statesmen may perhaps smile at Mr. GLADSTONE'S assertion that an impassable obstacle in the way of their advance to the Indian frontier is created by the establishment of Persian authority at Merv; but the subjects of a despotism scarcely understand the excitement which is produced in a constitutional country by political controversy. There is every reason to believe that, if the Persians occupy Merv, they only hold it for their powerful allies. Englishmen who are not vehement partisans who have no desire to quarrel with Russia, and who are anxious for peace, will at present abstain from blaming the Government for any courtesy which it may have displayed to Russia. They will also watch eagerly for the first opportunity of coming to terms with the Afghans, now that the most serious cause of quarrel is removed. It may be hoped that Lord LYTON will not insist on the acceptance of an English Resident at Cabul, and also that he will not run the risk of annexing Candahar, or any other important part of the Afghan territory. An early peace concluded after the attainment of the main objects of the war would be more popular than any other act which the Government could perform.

#### EUROPEAN FINANCE.

THE quarterly return of the English revenue just published may be susceptible of different interpretations. It may be taken to show that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER has been justified in his anticipations, or that he has been too sanguine. But the limits of the variation of opinion are narrow. The return cannot possibly be taken to show that there is anything like embarrassment in the present condition of English finance. There is distress in England, and there has been some small extra military expenditure. It is impossible that this distress and this extra military expenditure should not have impaired the financial position of the country. All distress and all increase of taxation for unproductive purposes must in some ways, more or less indirect, and more or less perceptible, make a country worse off. The country may be able to endure them, and even to endure them easily; but all political economy would be wrong unless they were things to be endured, and not things to which a nation could be altogether indifferent. What is clear is that England has been able to endure such an amount of distress as has hitherto prevailed, and such extra military expenditure as has been incurred, with that amount of ease which is indicated by the absence of any serious falling off in any of the main sources of revenue. The same may be said of France. There is much distress in some parts of France; not so much as in England, partly because the manufacturing industries of France are smaller, and partly because French workmen are not quite so prone to quarrel with their bread and butter as English workmen are. In one sense, indeed, the poverty of those who refuse to work at the wages which are all their employers can afford to give them ought to be deducted from the sum of national distress. In England it is the result of a choice as to the mode of living, and expresses a preference for living on a less sum from the poor-rates over living on a greater sum from industry. It is not distress in the sense in which distress is produced by uncontrollable calamity. But for revenue purposes it may be spoken of as distress, since the production of the nation is lessened and the rates are increased. In France, however, the burden of the late war is incomparably greater than the burden imposed by any extra military expenditure that England may now be supporting. That France has to raise at least thirty millions sterling more in taxes to pay for the cost of the war must be a burden the weight of which should not be overlooked simply because it is borne without any great difficulty. That it is so borne may be inferred from the increase under almost all the heads of indirect taxation which the French revenue returns show for the last quarter. Two, therefore, of the great nations of Europe may be said to be in this position—they are going through bad times, but not so that the national revenue is sensibly affected. Unfortunately it is only of two nations that this can be said.

Italy, Austria, and Germany may be classed together in a group, as all being in some kind of financial embarrassment, as all seeking to provide a remedy by the increase of import duties of a protective kind, and

as all owing their embarrassment partly to bad times, principally to a military expenditure disproportionate to their resources. How the protective duties work in Italy has been explained in an interesting letter from Mr. WEDGWOOD, in which he shows that the export trade of English earthenware to Italy has been checked, until at last it has been killed off, and the Italians are left to use their own rude crockery. Austria in the recent augmentation of its tariff is seeking three objects—to balance the Budget, to enrich its producers, and to secure a larger portion, if not the whole, of the Levant trade in those articles which are to be produced under the stimulus of Protection. The protectionist proposals of Prince BISMARCK, the chief of which is the imposition of a prohibitory duty on iron, have been referred to the Tariff Committee by the Federal Council, and will soon have to be discussed by the German Parliament. It is impossible to contend on behalf of Free-trade that increased taxes, even if of a protective character, do not answer the immediate purpose for which they are imposed. They bring in money. They enable a Government to meet or to mitigate present embarrassment. The German Government wants more money than it has now for military purposes. If it puts on new taxes it will get more money, and will be able to provide for the vast army it thinks necessary. It was by imposing enormous import duties, some of which were highly protective, that the United States was able to pay off a large part of the debt incurred in the civil war. What is true is that a nation by imposing protective duties mortgages its future. It abandons wealth which it might possess. The ability of Germany to keep up its army will in time be diminished. The nation ought to grow richer with greater speed than will be attained, and it is possible that it may grow actually poorer. Even if the new taxes which must be voted in order to maintain a vast military force were raised from the least objectionable sources that could be devised, they must make the nation poorer; but, if this amount of military force is necessary to the nation, then the amount of increased poverty is also necessary. What Germany will voluntarily add to the loss, if Prince BISMARCK'S proposals are adopted, is the extra diminution of wealth caused by impairing the purchasing powers of the consumer. Prince BISMARCK has, however, recently defended his proposals on a special ground. England can trade with the world, but Germany must trade chiefly with her neighbours. She is surrounded by protectionist neighbours—France, Italy, Austria, and Russia. The nearest approach to Free-trade which she can make with such neighbours is through Treaties of Commerce. But, as these treaties are bargains, a good bargainer must have something to give up. Prince BISMARCK is putting on duties in order to have something to give up when he bargains with his neighbours. This argument is not without force so far as it goes. All Treaties of Commerce are departures from the strict principles of Free-trade. They are at best only modes of getting the idea of Free-trade into heads which would otherwise be impervious to it. If they are looked at as in themselves good and valuable bargains, the bargainer must have something to start with. It is useless to haggle over the exchange of a calf for a donkey, unless the one haggler has got a calf and the other a donkey to haggle about.

Lastly, there is among the Great Powers Russia. Probably, of all the chief nations of Europe, Russia has least felt the prevailing commercial distress, for its commerce is too young to be much hurt. But then its abnormal military expenditure presses on it with extreme weight. What the cost of the war will ultimately prove to have been no one, not even probably the Russian Minister of Finance, can pretend to guess. The estimated cost for 1877, as publicly declared, is somewhat over forty millions sterling. This may or may not be the real cost for that year; but, supposing it is correct, the total cost of the whole war, reckoned to the period when all the Russian troops are brought home and the army is put once more on a peace footing, cannot be taken at less than a hundred millions sterling. This will have to be paid for, and in face of this payment the ordinary revenue is decreasing. The deficit is not easy to express, for it is given in roubles, and the rouble has been so depreciated by paper issues that the proper equivalent in pounds sterling is a matter of guesswork. It may probably be put down at something like four millions. To balance the ordinary Budget new taxes must be imposed. Taxation is already so heavy in Russia, and the Custom duties are so nearly

prohibitive, that the Finance Minister has apparently no other resource but to increase the duty on spirits. The army, it is calculated, when it comes back, will drink handsomely, and the Russian peasant would sell the shirt, if he had one, off his back to get drink, and so the revenue may flourish. It must be owned that, if all that Russia had to think of was to make up a deficit occurring in bad times of four millions, it would be idle to talk of her insolvency. But, then, there is the war expenditure. This will have taken the shape, partly of internal loans, partly of an increased inconvertible currency. Until we know the amount of the two together, and of each separately, it is premature to speculate on their consequences. But it is also premature to speak as if Russia must have to proclaim herself insolvent. She will have to pay the bill she has run up; but, considering her recovery from the Crimean war, it may be taken as possible that she should pay it. The interest on the internal loans will not be a very heavy charge, and an increase of the inconvertible currency causes much misery and deranges dealings with foreign nations, but it need not involve national ruin. Its effects all depend on its quantity, and on the probability that no further increase will be made. The issue of *caimés* has brought Turkey into the most woful insolvency, but these *caimés* have been issued almost at random, and no one believes that the supply of them will cease. The issue of a given number of millions of inconvertible currency in Russia must ruin many individuals, cause much distress, and severely hamper commerce; but it may be that Russia can carry the load she has taken on her shoulders. The foreign bonds of Russia still maintain a high price, and they maintain it principally because the Dutch and the Germans do not believe in the insolvency of Russia. They do not buy Russian bonds because they love Russia, but because they think Russian finance is in a state far from hopeless; and their opinion, even if it is erroneous, is well worth studying as that of men who are very keen judges of finance.

#### MR. GLADSTONE'S NEW PAMPHLET.

THE object of Mr. GLADSTONE's latest party pamphlet is sufficiently indicated by the title of "The Friends and Foes of Russia." As, rightly or wrongly, Russian policy is regarded in England with jealousy, it is rather a transparent than a subtle device of faction to suggest that the popular judgment of the respective relations of the Government and Opposition to Russia is founded on mistake. Two years ago Mr. GLADSTONE and his supporters were earnestly invoking the Russian intervention in Turkey which Lord BEACONSFIELD regarded with unconcealed suspicion. At that time there could be no doubt which were the friends and which were the foes of the famous "Divine figure from the North." From that time to the present the English Government has been engaged in checking by menace or action the progress of Russian aggression. Antagonism is not generally regarded as a proof of friendship, although ill-judged resistance sometimes promotes the interests which it is intended to injure. Lord BEACONSFIELD may or may not have been well informed when he expressed a belief that, if the Russian invasion of Turkey had been resolutely opposed, there would have been no war. Mr. GLADSTONE and his friends rendered the trial of the experiment impossible, and, although there is some reason to believe that the Emperor of Russia resented the pressure which was placed on his policy by the English agitation, the Opposition, and not the Government, wished for the success of his enterprise. Friendship as well as enmity is generally reciprocal, and Mr. GLADSTONE himself will not carry paradox so far as to assert that Lord BEACONSFIELD's alleged services to Russia are rewarded by gratitude or good-will. The scolding language which he applies to the Russian resumption of Bessarabia will hardly provoke the indignation of Russia. It is too evident that he denounces the transaction only because it was tolerated by the English Government, which had neither opportunity nor motive for preventing it.

While Mr. GLADSTONE still attributes the Russian attack on Turkey to the most laudable and disinterested sympathy, he nevertheless, for the purpose of his latest argument, dilates on the territorial acquisitions which were the reward, if not the object, of a successful war. He insinuates that the conquest of Kars and Batoum, and the annexation of Bessarabia, were benefits conferred in

some mysterious manner on Russia by the policy of the English Government. The conquering belligerent not unfrequently obtains material advantages; but those who remonstrated against the original enterprise are not usually held responsible for its results. When the French, during the administration of CANNING, who has lately become the object of Mr. GLADSTONE's admiration, invaded Spain in 1823, the English Government, as in 1877, used all its influence to prevent a wrongful war, although then as now it was not disposed to resist the aggression by force. If there had been a Mr. GLADSTONE in the Opposition of that day, he would have complained that the Ministers were the friends of France because they had allowed the Duke of ANGOULÊME to obtain an easy victory. Sophisms and paradoxes contribute nothing to the solution of a political controversy. If Mr. GLADSTONE could convert a figure of speech into a serious argument by proving that the present Ministers are the friends of Russia, it would still be necessary to inquire whether their policy was just and expedient. It is assuredly not condemned by the fact that, having maintained neutrality in a war between two foreign States, they have been unable to prevent the victor from obtaining solid advantage. Mr. GLADSTONE, except by occasional and feeble vituperation, scarcely attempts to support his converse proposition that the Liberals are the foes of Russia. If he had, until within the last two or three years, taken any interest in foreign policy or in diplomatic history, he would have known that, as Lord ABERDEEN once said when Mr. GLADSTONE sat in his Cabinet the foreign politics of England are the same, whether Conservatives or Liberals are in power. The feelings of the Duke of WELLINGTON and of Lord PALMERSTON to Russia were exactly the same; and neither of them could be regarded as friends of a Power to which they nevertheless professed no enmity. A still more striking illustration of Lord ABERDEEN's proposition is furnished by later experience. Mr. GLADSTONE's Government, as far as is known, pursued exactly the same Eastern policy which it inherited from Lord PALMERSTON and transmitted to Lord BEACONSFIELD. The sudden revulsion which found a cause or pretext in the Bosnian insurrection and the Bulgarian massacres affected only an Opposition. Lord ABERDEEN's statement was confined to successive Governments.

In a summary of the arguments contained in the earlier part of his article Mr. GLADSTONE declares that he has established the following propositions:—"1. The British Tories are the traditional and natural allies of Russia in the policy of absolutism which she commonly has followed in Continental affairs. 2. They only depart from her when, as in the case of Turkish oppression, she departs from herself, and is found fighting on the side of humanity. 3. In thus departing, they have so managed their resistance that they have played her game, fortified her position, and humbled their country before her." The object of these questionable propositions is explained in the graceful sentence which follows:—"When our roystering politicians begin their preparations for the coming election, these propositions may afford them some instruction." There is no doubt that the pamphlet is published for an electioneering purpose, in the hope that constituencies may be induced to reject candidates of a party which can be represented as friendly to Russia. A more flagrant appeal to a prejudice of which Mr. GLADSTONE at other times disapproves could hardly have been devised. It is not creditable to a statesman who has belonged to both parties in turn to attempt to exaggerate party differences and to extend them to matters with which they have no connexion. Mr. GLADSTONE ought to know that many thoughtful politicians, who are in no sense partisans, are nevertheless anxious to form a sound judgment on questions of national concern. To such persons a demonstration that certain opinions on foreign politics have been formerly held by Whigs and Tories would be wholly uninteresting and irrelevant, even if it had been given in the most conclusive form. Mr. GLADSTONE shows that his acquaintance with the foreign policy of the present and past generation is utterly imperfect and inaccurate.

Mr. GLADSTONE asserts that "the partition of Europe, effected at Vienna without reference to the feelings of the people, was agreeable to the ideas of both (Russia and the English Tories), and had a kind of sanctity in their eyes." Yet, as he will perhaps be surprised to learn, the pretensions of Russia were so strongly opposed by England that, immediately before NAPOLEON's escape from Elba, Lord CASTLEREAGH, Prince TALLEYRAND, and



Prince METTERNICH, concluded a Tripartite Treaty, by which England, France, and Austria bound themselves to resist the claims of Russia and Prussia, even at the cost of war. Russia, he proceeds to say, supported METTERNICH; and yet METTERNICH and ALEXANDER I. were constant and bitter enemies. "Russia eyed askance, and the Tories abhorred, the foreign policy of 'Mr. CANNING.'" It is strange that Prince and Princess LIEVEN, who then represented Russia in England, should, as the Duke of WELLINGTON frequently with a lofty contempt notices, have incessantly intrigued against him, and that they should also have reconciled GEORGE IV. to Mr. CANNING, and have prepared the way for his elevation to the office of Prime Minister. From the time of his own mission to St. Petersburg the Duke of WELLINGTON entertained to the Emperor NICHOLAS the same distrust which he had long felt for ALEXANDER. He utterly disapproved of the Russian war against Turkey in 1828 and 1829, though he was powerless to prevent it. At a later time the Tories were wholly innocent of the Russian interference in Hungary, which was never opposed by the Liberal Government. It may be true that the late Lord DERBY was hostile to all European parties which he regarded as revolutionary; but in 1858 and 1859, when Mr. GLADSTONE had already for a time allied himself with the Liberal party, he became a supporter of Lord DERBY, and it is nearly certain that he would have become the Conservative leader in the House of Commons, if an intrigue for shelving Mr. DISRAELI as Viceroy of India had not been defeated. It is still more strange that Mr. GLADSTONE should sneer at the supposed sympathy of absolute Governments with Sir ROBERT PEEL when he took office in 1834. It was at that time that Mr. GLADSTONE himself first entered the public service. The article on "The 'Friends and Foes of Russia'" is vigorous with the energy of passion, and it reproduces the arguments which have been used on the same side during a long controversy. From first to last its merits and demerits are those of a party pamphlet. The spirit in which Mr. GLADSTONE writes is illustrated by his suggestion that the present distress is wholly or partly caused by the policy of Government. Only a few days ago he publicly assured a correspondent that he had no means of estimating the relation between foreign policy and commercial depression.

#### THE SENATORIAL ELECTIONS.

THE elections which take place to-morrow in France can hardly be said to be interesting as regards their event. That they will return a considerable majority of Liberal Senators is assumed on all sides. But, though the event may be taken as known, the effect which that event will have upon French politics is not known, or at all events not known with anything like the same precision. For example, the real value of a Second Chamber is about to be tested for the first time. The Senate, as it has hitherto been constituted, was the offspring of an accident. It did not represent the constituency which returned it; it spoke the words and thought the thoughts of the late National Assembly. Thus the French Republic began its constitutional life with one of its two Chambers a mere survival. This fact both ensured continual conflicts with the Chamber of Deputies and at the same time prevented these conflicts from being really serious. If a reactionary Senate had really expressed the feelings of the senatorial electors, universal suffrage would have been divided against itself; and it is hard to say how so interminable a strife would have ended. As it was, it was known that the Republicans had only to wait till the date at which the first periodical renewal of the Senate should take place to be secure of a majority in general agreement with the Chamber of Deputies. There could be no inducement to violence when it was well known that all that violence could hope to attain in 1878 would be attained by peaceable means in 1879. In the future the Senate, whatever be its political complexion, will represent the country in the same sense, though not in the same degree, as the Chamber of Deputies. The representation in the one case will be indirect instead of direct, and two-thirds of the Senators may represent a somewhat earlier state of feeling than that expressed by a Chamber which is renewed by general, not by periodical, election. But these are only trifling distinctions. In its general character the Senate will be as much a popular Chamber as the Cham-

ber of Deputies. The hopes of the Conservatives that the municipalities would choose their delegates on local rather than on political grounds have been signally disappointed. When politics find their way into municipal elections even by accident, they usually absorb the whole thoughts of the electors, and it was not to be expected that they should have a less powerful effect when they have been introduced not by accident but by design. It will be interesting to notice whether the antagonism natural to any two bodies which have to consider and pass judgment upon each other's proceedings will make the Liberal Senate different in any marked respect from the Liberal Chamber of Deputies. But for this it might be supposed that for the future the only function of the Senate will be to register the decrees of the other half of the Legislature. The duty of making its measures consistent and intelligible—a service which in this country is occasionally rendered by the House of Lords to the House of Commons—devolves in France upon the Council of State. Whether a Chamber which possesses legal independence will always forego the exercise of it because it does not differ on fundamental questions from the Chamber with which it is nominally equal affords interesting matter for speculation.

A more practical question is the effect of the change in the character of the Senate upon the composition of the Cabinet. It has always been recognized that the creation of a Liberal majority in both Chambers would place M. DUFAURE in a different position from that which he has hitherto held. So long as the Senate was reactionary, there was a possibility that, if Marshal MACMAHON were driven too hard, he might again risk a quarrel with the Chamber of Deputies; and it was consequently important that the Prime Minister should be a politician who possessed, among his other gifts, the faculty of not exciting the PRESIDENT'S fears. M. DUFAURE has this faculty in a very high degree. Probably the MARSHAL feels scarcely less safe with him than he felt with M. DE BROGLIE. To secure this end it was obviously worth the while of the Left to postpone the advent of a Ministry more completely in unison with their own views. M. DUFAURE is a genuine Republican; and, so long as he remains at the head of affairs, there is an absolute certainty that the Chief of the State will not be led astray by his reactionary friends; and, when these reactionary friends actually commanded one branch of the Legislature, this was an important consideration. The first question that suggests itself in connexion with to-morrow's elections is whether it will remain an important consideration. Will there be any danger of Marshal MACMAHON trying without the co-operation of either Chamber the experiment which he tried unsuccessfully when he had one Chamber on his side? All the probabilities of the case point to the absence for the time to come of any such danger. Without the Senate at his back, Marshal MACMAHON could not possibly set up any constitutional pretensions; he must come forward simply as a Saviour of Society. Upon this head it seems enough to say that he is not of the stuff of which Saviours of Society are made. There must be some inducement for a man to play such a part, and in this case the only inducement would be the satisfaction of keeping a place warm for HENRY V. or NAPOLEON IV. The MARSHAL is not so devoted to either pretender as to be ready to run the immense risks of a *coup d'état* for no more interesting purpose than to put a King or an Emperor in the seat which he himself now occupies as President. Nor does there seem to be much ground for fearing the consequences of his resignation. The Liberal party have had time enough to prepare for that contingency, and M. GAMBETTA long ago said that the candidate had already been selected. Besides this, the MARSHAL has no obvious inducement to resign. If he cares about retaining the good opinion of the Conservatives, he should have resigned on the 13th of December, 1877. The months that have passed since that day have probably made the ill opinion of his former friends less terrible to him, while they have taught him that office has some charms left even when it is shorn of its personal attributes.

As the particular reason which has always been assigned for M. DUFAURE'S remaining in office seems to be no longer operative, the question that will have to be decided after the senatorial elections is whether, in the interests of the country generally, the Left ought to be content with the Ministry as at present constituted, or to insist on a more

adequate representation in the Cabinet of their own views. M. DUBAURE stands to the Liberal party of to-day in France much as Lord RUSSELL stood to the Liberal party in England after the election of 1868. It may be argued, therefore, with great show of reason, that, as Mr. GLADSTONE was the proper leader for English Liberals at the last-named date, so M. GAMBETTA is the proper leader for the French Liberals at the present moment. It would have been plainly unsatisfactory to all parties if Mr. GLADSTONE had refused to take office, and had contented himself with acting as dictator to a Ministry led by Lord RUSSELL. A politician who is the acknowledged head of the most powerful party in the country and in the Legislature ought not, it may be said, to stand aside and only exert his paramount influence behind the scenes. As a general rule this is undoubtedly true. The proper place for a man of M. GAMBETTA's pretensions is at the head of the Ministry—unless, indeed, it be rather at the head of the State. This is the main reason which leads us to doubt whether it would not be better for France that M. DUBAURE should remain in office. The Constitution of the Republic cannot be regarded as finally settled in all particulars. Since 1871 both theories of the President's functions have been tested by experiment, and there is nothing to show that the one which has prevailed since Marshal MACMAHON has been in office is preferable to that which prevailed when M. THIERS was in office. It is exceedingly doubtful whether a succession of really qualified men will be found to accept the office if it remains entirely devoid of real power. What manner of men are they to be? If they are members of one or other of the dethroned families, they will, for a long time to come at all events, be considered as placed there to bring about a restoration. If they are successful generals, they will be suspected of intriguing with the army. If they are eminent statesmen, they will inevitably grow weary of a dignity which leaves them for all the real purposes of politics the puppet of their own Ministers. If none of these classes of men seem to serve the purpose, in what direction is the search to be further prosecuted? These considerations suggest themselves so inevitably that they cannot possibly have escaped the notice of the Liberal leaders in France, and the result may be to make the maintenance of the present Ministry desirable for some time longer.

#### SIR WILLIAM HAYTER.

THE regret which has been felt on the death of Sir WILLIAM HAYTER at a great age, after a retirement of twenty years, is at the same time a tribute to his personal merit and a proof of the importance of the remarkable employment in which he gained his reputation. The political Secretary of the Treasury, if he performs his duty efficiently, is doubly entitled to the gratitude of his party, because he is expected gratuitously to discharge in Opposition nearly the same duties as in office. The adjutant of the party is sometimes only second in influence to the leader, and even his chief depends in some degree on his practical advice. It is not the business of the Whip to recommend any policy as in itself beneficial, but to feel the pulse of the House of Commons, and to communicate to his superiors the result of his observations. He is also bound by his activity and tact to maintain discipline in the ranks, even when he may perhaps personally sympathize with mutinous tendencies. When a Prime Minister or party leader of Opposition has himself a natural aptitude for party management, the Whip becomes his principal agent. At other times the humbler functionary supplies the deficiencies of his official chief. Sir W. HAYTER served Lord JOHN RUSSELL and Lord PALMERSTON; but he was never supposed to be responsible for their more flagrant mistakes. He would certainly, if he had been consulted, not have advised Lord JOHN RUSSELL to publish the Durham Letter, or a year afterwards, at the instigation of the Court, to dismiss Lord PALMERSTON from office. At the next general election Sir W. HAYTER is said to have given an impartial support to the respective adherents of the rival Liberal leaders. He perhaps foresaw that the party would reunite, and it was not his business to determine whether Lord JOHN RUSSELL or Lord PALMERSTON had the better claim to its allegiance. Though he did his duty loyally to the Coalition Government of Lord ABERDEEN, he must have found his place more congenial to his tastes and

habits when the former followers of Sir ROBERT PEELE retired from power. It is not known whether he afterwards warned Lord PALMERSTON that his offhand demeanour and his exclusive regard for aristocratic connexion in the choice of his colleagues were rapidly alienating the favour of a House of Commons returned almost expressly to support him. When, in his second Administration, Lord PALMERSTON showed that he had taken warning by the lesson of 1858, Sir W. HAYTER had retired from office. In his eight years' service he saw two Liberal majorities frittered away; and he may perhaps have envied his opponents the skill of their leader. It was not his fault that one of his chiefs was unduly self-confident, and that the other was, for the first and last time in his life, temporarily intoxicated by success.

In most cases the leader of the Government or Opposition is well advised in preferring the judgment of his Secretary or ex-Secretary of the Treasury to his own on matters within his department. A sagacious and practised observer who spends his life in watching the temper of the House of Commons can form a sounder judgment of its probable action than a statesman who ought to think more of the public interest than of his own fortunes. The same functionary is in constant communication with the local managers of the constituencies; and he has therefore special opportunities of judging whether any policy will be generally popular. If it is true that the last Parliament was suddenly dissolved by the advice of a former Secretary of the Treasury, the supporter of the measure must share with its author the blame of a flagrant miscalculation. A failure to understand the disposition of the House of Commons is less excusable; but in such cases it is sometimes impossible to distribute the responsibility between the leader and the Whip. In the Session of 1877 Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE accepted a proposal of a new system of county government after a Treasury Circular had been issued to announce a division on the Bill, and even when a member of the Government had delivered an able speech against it. Only the other day the motion for the Rhodope grant was withdrawn after notice, because it was found that it could not be carried. In both instances a check had been wantonly incurred, either because the advice of the Secretary of the Treasury had not been asked in time, or because he had failed to discern the feeling of the House. In neither case was the subject-matter of primary importance; but a miscarriage which might have been avoided by the exercise of due foresight weakens the authority of a Government. A leader of Opposition can incur risks with comparative impunity; yet Lord HARTINGTON's imprudent suggestion of the disestablishment of the Scotch Church is generally attributed to the influence of his official adviser. It remains to be seen whether Mr. ADAM miscalculated the comparative strength of the Established Church and the nonconforming Presbyterian sects. A statesman might perhaps prudently resolve to be only negatively guided by the real or supposed opinion of Parliament or of the country. It is undesirable to introduce measures not in themselves expedient only because they may perhaps be popular.

The duties of the Secretary of the Treasury have become much less irksome since the introduction of competitive examinations. It was extremely troublesome to apportion the number of petty posts in the public service to the claims of every supporter of the Government, or perhaps to the exigencies of his constituents. At present there is little opportunity of choosing between enmity and ingratitude, except in the higher kinds of patronage which affect members rather than electors. The Whip of a party has great facilities for introducing candidates to constituencies, though local pretensions become at every successive election more effective. The late Mr. ELLICE, who was Secretary of the Treasury to Lord GREY, had probably some share in the return of half the majority which carried the Reform Bill. Sir W. HAYTER must, twenty years later, have performed similar services to many Parliamentary aspirants. Another duty of his office was to listen to the requests of members of the party who thought that they had earned baronetcies or other titular distinctions. A Prime Minister probably reserves to himself the distribution of peerages. As all these things have to be done, it is as well that they should be managed by upright and prudent men; but the conditions of Parliamentary government are sometimes not a little surprising. It seems inevitable



that the members of a sovereign assembly should divide themselves into parties which both respectively support different political opinions, and compete with one another for the control of the Executive Government. Having once come into existence, parties, like many other organizations, acquire a substantial character, and struggle for political supremacy, not as an instrument, but as an object. It then becomes necessary that they should be recruited, regulated, and guided, and Secretaries of Treasury are invented for the purpose. On one hand they must persuade a majority to pass even an Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, and on the other they ought to prevail on their chiefs to try as few experiments of the kind as possible.

Party Whips are generally popular and successful, because they are almost always chosen on account of their special qualifications. A Minister who appoints an incapable favourite to such a place must be disinterested as well as rash. The requisite qualities are such as can be appreciated by the world in general; and when a vacancy occurs one or more candidates for the place are designated by general consent. Pedants, projectors, and members of strong and narrow convictions are necessarily excluded from competition. The Whip must be a man of the world, and he must know how to deal with men; while it is wholly unnecessary that he should care for political theories. The doctrine that the Liberal or Conservative party, as the case may be, ought to be in power forms the essential article of his creed. In advising his chief he prefers the policy which will command the largest support, and it is his business to reconcile the party to the decisions of the leaders. At the same time he must not, at least in outward bearing, be a bitter or intolerant partisan. He has, to a certain extent, to keep the other party, as well as his own, in good humour, and to cause necessary business to be transacted without unnecessary friction. In dealing with opponents his functions in some degree resemble those of an advocate or diplomatist. Contests of all kinds are most quietly and most conveniently conducted by dispassionate agents who represent the interests, but not the passions, of their principals. The House of Commons could scarcely get through its work if the Whips on either side could not implicitly rely on the good faith of their hostile colleagues. Members of Parliament of the generation which is now passing away regarded Sir W. HATTEY as one of the ablest incumbents of the office which he held for several years. He was heartily loyal to his party; but he was not apparently enthusiastic for any policy which it might adopt, rightly preferring success to the affirmation of abstract principles. His pleasant manner rendered him popular with opponents as with friends, and his chiefs had, within the range of his department, no more sagacious adviser.

#### HOME RULE AND IRISH EDUCATION.

IT seems not unlikely that the character and aims of the so-called Home Rule movement have been somewhat misunderstood on this side of St. George's Channel. The cry of legislative independence has been so loudly raised that Englishmen have been led to regard legislative independence as the one thing which a large number of Irishmen desire. It would be a pleasant surprise to learn that Home Rule had only been asked for as the surest and shortest means of obtaining a variety of other ends; for, if this could be assumed as possible, the difficulty of dealing with Irish demands would be very much lessened. A claim which is quite inadmissible in degree may be so far admissible in kind as at least to deserve attention; but the vice of Home Rule is that, in any form or degree that can fairly be called Home Rule, it is and must remain inadmissible. As we have said more than once lately, an independent Ireland would on all grounds be preferable to an Ireland united to England by a merely dynastic or federal tie. Mr. DEASE's letter to Mr. ADAM gives some hope that Irishmen are beginning to see this for themselves. It is a gain to have the relations of Irish members to political parties discussed with reference not to the substitution of a local for an Imperial Legislature, but to the action of the Imperial Legislature on Irish questions. No reasonable man would question the right of Irish members to withhold their support from any political party which did not admit Ireland to her fair share of the improvements which that party may think proper to include in its programme. Whether Mr. DEASE

has made good his particular charge against the Liberal leaders is a point into which it is needless to enter here. The plain fact is that English members have been made so angry by the obstructive tactics of certain Home Rulers that it is quite impossible to bring them up to vote for any Irish proposal so long as those tactics are persevered in. If they are really abandoned, the competitive willingness of both parties to stand well with Ireland on the eve of a general election may probably be relied on to secure for Irish questions at least as much attention as their relative importance demands. The Liberal party in England is not likely to repeat the blunder it made in 1873, though it is less certain that, if the Irish Roman Catholics had another such offer made to them as that contained in the Irish University Bill of the late Government, they would deal with it any more wisely. But Mr. BURT himself has told us that, so long as Mr. PARNELL and his fit though few supporters make the despatch of business impossible for days together, no Irish question will have a chance of being considered on its merits. If the alliance between English and Irish Liberals is to be renewed, or a fresh alliance cemented with the Conservatives, the first step towards such a consummation will be the excision of Home Rule from the list of Irish demands. When that has been effected, English and Irish members on both sides of the House will once more be able to approach Irish questions with some hope of agreement.

There is not much apparent reason, however, for the Liberals to anticipate that the result of the competition will be to their advantage. The Irish vote is easily detached from the Liberal side by the hope of favours to come; and there are very few of these favours which they may not look for from the Conservatives with quite as good reason as from the Liberals. The Church question is out of the way. The Land question is still open; but as the Act which is complained of was the work of a Liberal Cabinet, Conservatives are in the convenient position of benefiting by its unpopularity without being bound, unless they think fit, to propose remedial legislation. On the third of the great issues which constituted the Irish element in Mr. GLADSTONE's policy the two parties stand, for different reasons, in very similar positions. In dealing with University Education in Ireland the Conservatives have to reckon with Irish Protestant feeling; while the Liberals have to reckon with English Dissenting feeling. Probably the leaders on both sides entertain an impartial contempt for the prejudices which stand in the way of any lasting and satisfactory settlement of the question. But as yet they have shown no power of overriding these prejudices. The Conservatives are afraid of the outcry that would rise up against a Government which proposed to endow Antichrist. The Liberals are afraid of the outcry that would rise up against a Government which proposed to endow religion. What with the anti-Papal enthusiasm of some Conservatives, and the anti-denominational enthusiasm of some Liberals, neither party is likely to have a very easy time of it when the attempt to improve the higher education of Ireland is actually made.

Certain students and ex-students of the Catholic University in Dublin have lately contributed their share to the confusion which exists on this question. They have heard—it does not appear from whom—that the Government intend next Session to bring in a Bill which shall settle the Irish University question and give Irish Catholics equality in the matter of University education, by setting up in Ireland an examining Board which would examine students and confer upon them prizes, exhibitions, and degrees, no matter where they may have studied. That something of this sort is in contemplation is probable enough. It would be a natural corollary from the legislation with regard to secondary education last year. In that case the difficulty about endowments was got over by the expedient of separating examination from study, and making the prizes depend entirely upon the number of marks the candidate might have gained. This measure was a remarkable success, and we might naturally expect that, if the present Government take up the subject at all, they will follow the lines of their previous success. If, however, the students' address is to be taken as indicative of Irish Catholic feeling, the Government may spare themselves the trouble of framing an Irish University Bill on this plan. Such a Bill, say the students, will not confer educational equality on Irish Catholics, and consequently

will not settle the Irish University question. It is bad enough that Trinity College should hold large endowments while the Catholic University remains absolutely unendowed. But it is worse that, while the revenues of Trinity College are left untouched, the very existence of the Catholic University should be rendered impossible. That this would be the result of setting up a mere examining body in Ireland follows, the students say, from the fact that, if the prizes of the State University were attainable by all, no matter where they had studied, the attractions of superior cheapness would tempt Catholic parents to "keep their sons in provincial schools, or to commit them to the care of 'grinders.'" Thus the only institution which offers University teaching combined with University residence in a shape in which Roman Catholics can accept it would come to an end from want of support. "If Irish Catholics hope ever to qualify themselves to take their proper place in this country, the first essential is the existence of a great Catholic educational centre," and the provision of an adequate endowment. We wish we could see the slightest likelihood of this view finding acceptance with either Liberals or Conservatives. It is to be feared, however, that, no matter which of the two parties brought in such a measure, the whole strength of the other party would be devoted to defeating the scheme, in the hope that it would involve the Government in its fall. A proposal for the direct and specific endowment of Popery would supply a temptation to an Opposition which neither of them would be able to resist. Mr. ARNOLD took us to task some time ago for admitting this; but to admit it is not to justify it, and we can scarcely believe that any one who is acquainted with the ordinary behaviour of political parties when in opposition would hazard a contrary prediction. The question is, therefore, whether there may not be some modification of the plan attributed to the Government which would make the continued existence of the Catholic University possible as one element out of many in a larger scheme of University education. The address of the students draws a distinction between a measure which would offend against educational equality by withholding endowments from the Catholic educational centre, and one which would offend against it by destroying that educational centre. It would at all events be an interesting experiment to introduce a Bill which should have only one of these disadvantages instead of both. At the same time it must be remembered that Governments are apt to be shy of political experiments, curious as these might be to the impartial bystander, when their popularity or their existence is at stake.

#### REMEDIES FOR THE DISTRESS.

IT seems likely that the severe weather which broke up at the end of last week gave an unduly threatening air to the distress which is so generally felt. The cold put an end to outdoor labour of all kinds, and, while it lasted, skilled and unskilled workmen—workmen who know only one trade, and workmen who turn their hands to any trade that offers itself—were equally without employment. Part, however, of the distress thus caused was of a strictly passing character; while there was nothing to be done it lasted, but as soon as work became once more possible it disappeared. It was a distress that had nothing in the least peculiar or distinctive about it. That it has become in any degree unfamiliar to us is due to the fact that the last two or three winters have been exceptionally mild, and consequently have allowed a number of occupations which have lately been at a stand to go on without intermission. People soon become accustomed to good or bad fortune, and if we have a succession of hard winters the presence of the distress they cause will come to seem as natural as its absence has seemed of late years. It is not until we have learnt to distinguish between the two kinds of distress which were contemporaneous during the frost, that we learn how severe the kind which is not caused by the weather has lately become. No change in the sky or the temperature will affect the future of the iron trade or of the cotton trade. The absence of work in these great industries depends upon more remote and more lasting causes. It will be well therefore to be on our guard against the tendency which already seems observable to under-estimate the trouble ahead. The apparently brighter accounts that have appeared this week are either

the corrections of previous exaggerations which still leave the truth sufficiently serious, or they relate to districts in which no serious or exceptional distress exists.

The letters which have appeared in the *Times*, or were read at the meeting of the Charity Organization Council on Monday, point out a danger which has to be carefully guarded against. There is always enough distress in the East of London to simulate exceptional distress. The population is very poor and very shiftless, living mostly from hand to mouth and by work which, though it may be regular on the average, is intermittent and uncertain in each particular case. If benevolent persons who have no knowledge of the poor go down into Whitechapel or Bethnal Green, they are sure to see a great deal which will excite their commiseration. If their heads are full of what they have been reading about the exceptional distress in various parts of the country, they will easily persuade themselves that in East London also it is exceptional. From that it is an easy step to the formation of Relief Committees, central and local. When once these are started abundance of money comes in, and it becomes almost a point of honour with the Committees to find claimants for it. Nor, indeed, have they any difficulty in doing so. East London in such times becomes a very carcase round which the vultures of professional beggary and that thriftlessness which has just wit enough to know where charity will maintain it in idleness are at once gathered together. The fact that in the last great period of distress and relief in East London the rents of the poorest class of houses positively went up is a striking testimony to the nature of the process that was going on there. The alms which were then dispensed were regarded as so many privileges appertaining to residence in that favoured district, for participation in which it was only reasonable that a fair price should be paid. If further evidence were wanting, the letters of Mr. WALBOND, Mr. BARNETT, and Mr. HANSARD would furnish it. They all testify to the horror with which their writers view the creation of a special relief organization. There are quite enough agencies at work, they say, already. If the public want to relieve the distress which undoubtedly does exist in East London let them give their money through one of these. Exceptional needs call for exceptional machinery to meet them; but in East London the needs are not exceptional. There is no large population out of work and requiring to be supported by means of work extemporized for them to do. There are merely the isolated though numerous cases of individual distress which can be best dealt with by the agencies which are already well acquainted with them. To hand them over to newly enlisted volunteers would be simply to tempt imposition.

In districts where really exceptional distress exists a different course has necessarily to be pursued. The ordinary relief agencies are competent to deal with the kinds of poverty to which those who administer relief are accustomed, and so long as the difference between this winter and other winters is only that there is more poverty than usual of the usual type, there is no need to supplement them by any exceptional organization. But when the poverty is not of the usual type, when, on the contrary, it has little or nothing in common with the usual type, when it lays hold of a class which is commonly exempt from it and which has only been involved in it because of the unusual length and severity of the present depression of trade, the ordinary agencies are necessarily powerless. For one thing, there is need, not necessarily of larger funds, but certainly of larger powers, than any charitable society can command. The distress, so far as it is really formidable, affects a population which in other years is, even in winter, in pretty constant work. Now it is, and in many cases has for a long time been, out of work. This difference suggests, and even necessitates, a corresponding difference of treatment. When a man is out of work for a few weeks at a time he ought to be able to maintain himself out of his savings, and if he has saved nothing he may fairly be left to the Poor-law. In cases where there has been an unusual amount of sickness, or unusual claims of any kind to be met out of his wages, he may be a proper object for private charity. But it is not expedient to spare him the disgrace or annoyance, such as it is, of applying for one or the other. In a period of distress like the present the savings have all gone; they were used probably in the first instance to equalize the weekly income when wages began to fall, and when it was hoped that the dull time would be of short duration. A



large proportion therefore of the sufferers at present are men whom it is not desirable to send either to the Poor-law or to private charity—in the sense in which that term is commonly understood. They are starving, not by their own fault, and consequently there is no need that starvation should bring any further punishment with it. Indeed there is every reason why it should not. Nothing but demoralization can come of reducing large bodies of people to the condition of conscious paupers or conscious beggars. The superiority of one scheme over another will be largely determined by the success with which it avoids this danger.

What is wanted, therefore, is a plan of public works which shall enable the local authorities in the distressed districts to turn all this unemployed labour to useful account. So long as there are roads to be made, or land to be laid out, or any kind of local improvements to be effected, nothing can be gained by setting applicants for relief to break stones, or to do any of the tasks usually associated with pauper labour. Inasmuch as the money paid for this labour is provided by private subscription, the work should not be of a kind which, but for the occurrence of the distress, would have been undertaken by the local authorities at the cost of the ratepayers. But in every centre of industry there is abundance of work to be done, which, though not useful in the sense in which work paid for by a compulsory rate ought to be useful, would yet be highly useful in the sense of benefiting the inhabitants. Inasmuch as this work would never have been taken in hand in ordinary times, ordinary labourers would never have been employed on it. No objection could therefore be raised on the score of interference with the labour market. It is not meant of course that the full wages paid at other times for such labour should be paid now. The fact that the works are intended to stave off destitution should be kept in view, and only such pay given as is required to keep the labourers and their families in fair health. Nor, of course, would work be given to any man who had other means of support. If, for example, there were men in the district who had chosen to add to the distress by taking this opportunity for striking, they should be rigidly excluded from work so long as they were in receipt of any strike pay. Under the careful supervision which local knowledge would supply, it would not be difficult to limit the benefit of the works to men who were at once earning nothing and willing to earn anything that they could.

#### THE INDIAN FRONTIER.

NOW that the prospect opens before us of a termination of the military operations in Afghanistan, the settlement which is to follow will become the question of the day. A wise adjustment of the conditions of peace with Afghanistan is far more important than even a vigorous prosecution of the war; for it is not too much to say that the course of our whole future policy in Central Asia will turn on the decision to be taken so soon as actual hostilities are ended. Upon this must depend whether it will be possible to revert to our former condition of tranquillity, or whether we are to enter on a new era of political unrest and excitement and financial difficulty; and towards a right solution of the problem two contributions have lately been furnished of the highest value—the address delivered by General E. B. Hamley at the United Service Institution, and the article by Sir Henry Norman published in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review*. General Hamley discusses the question solely from a strategic point of view, and no higher authority on such a point can be found; General Norman regards it with the experience gained by a lifetime spent in Indian service—first on the frontier, and afterwards in a variety of high and responsible offices; and it is very noteworthy that these two distinguished officers arrive at conclusions in many important respects identical, but which are opposed to what is apparently the current of opinion on the subject at the present moment.

General Hamley is strongly against the permanent occupation of any position in advance of the Khyber Pass. It is not by that line, he thinks, that an invasion of India is to be feared, while an outpost at Jellalabad or any other point beyond the Khyber would be in an essentially false military position, a source of danger instead of strength, useless for offensive purposes, and always liable to have its communications cut off. On the other hand, while an enemy advancing by way of the Khyber would emerge into the Peshawur valley under most unfavourable circumstances for his attack, the head of his column being exposed to be crushed by the defender awaiting it while the rest of his army was still struggling through the rugged defiles in rear, his whole force spread over a distance of several days' march, an advance by way of the Bolan would offer much greater chance of success. An

army coming by that route would, on issuing from the mountains, have room to deploy upon the plains of the Indus, and would have at this point a certain degree of choice of routes, along any of which it could advance to the attack on a compact front. And, although General Hamley considers that, with our communications properly completed along the Indus line, between the sea on the one hand and the Punjab on the other, we ought to be able to give a very good account of any adversary on the ground between that river and the mountains to the west of it, still he would much prefer to meet him on the further side of those mountains. In this view General Hamley considers the occupation of Quetta the most valuable strategic move that has been made. He would extend this so far as to occupy Candahar also, pushing on an advanced post to Girishk on the Helmund. An army in this position, with its rear supported by a fortress at Quetta, while securely covering its communications with India, would have military command of the whole of Afghanistan. It would intercept the communication between Herat and Cabul, and effectually prevent any movement from the latter place on India by way of the Khyber. All along the line of the Punjab, therefore, General Hamley would keep to our present frontier, merely strengthening our position by defensive works at the entrances of the different passes. It is only on the lower Indus, westward of Sind, that he would throw a flank forward.

Sir Henry Norman, on the other hand, while entirely agreeing with General Hamley as regards the policy to be adopted on the Peshawur and Kohat frontier, would have us withdraw, on the conclusion of the war, even from Quetta, which we have held since 1876, and keep strictly within the frontier which we have held ever since the annexation of the Punjab in 1849. In reality, however, there does not appear to be so much disagreement between the two writers, even as to the occupation of Quetta. General Hamley is throughout discussing the question on the supposition that we have to encounter a powerful enemy, wielding great resources and occupying Afghanistan in force. Sir Henry Norman is dealing with Afghanistan as it is. Every one is agreed that Russia must be kept out of that country; but is it necessary for this end that we should be always there ourselves in occupation? Disguise it how we may, the permanent retention of Jellalabad means the occupation, before long, first of Cabul, and eventually of the whole country. There is nothing impracticable about this, but it would be enormously expensive; the troops there would be so much added to the permanent garrison of India, and, far from being a source of strength, would be a source of continual anxiety. Not a man could be brought from Afghanistan to assist in dealing with any difficulty arising in India itself; on the contrary, an outbreak of disturbances elsewhere would be the signal for risings of the turbulent inhabitants of those regions, and among the troubles incidental to such a time would be included the additional strain involved by the need of reinforcing these distant outposts. For no one, it may be presumed, seriously contemplates maintaining a force in Afghanistan of thirty or forty thousand men, a self-contained body which would be able to hold its own without aid from India. The most that the advocates of a "forward" policy would probably admit that they contemplate at present is the occupation of Jellalabad and Candahar and Quetta by strong brigades, with such indefinite support in rear as might suffice to accomplish the hitherto insoluble problem of keeping communications open with India through the passes behind them, inhabited as they are by the lawless and treacherous tribes of whom we have lately been hearing so much. But clearly, if it is to be a question of meeting Russia in Afghanistan, these isolated garrisons will not suffice; it would be a sufficient task to hold a magnified Switzerland with three or four brigades when the people of the country alone have to be dealt with; but supposing we have to encounter a civilized Power wielding a large army, we must evidently send forward a force on a scale of strength compared with which the original garrison which it is now proposed to place there would be quite insignificant. Why, then, place that small garrison there in the first instance, with all the risks and inconveniences attending that measure? Many will answer, To give us the means of entering the country in force whenever the occasion arises for doing so. This, however, is just the question at issue; and the importance of coming to a right judgment upon it can hardly be over-rated. Which course will be the least troublesome and expensive, and in all respects the least objectionable—to keep within our frontier, holding ourselves, however, in readiness to advance in strength whenever the occasion may arise, but meanwhile abstaining from any occupation of Afghanistan; or to push forward garrisons which shall be neither outposts nor armies, the presence of which will make us detested by the people of the country, and which will have to be largely reinforced whenever either India or Afghanistan is seriously threatened from the west? The former is the policy advocated by Sir Henry Norman, and, as we understand it, it is altogether different from that which Lord Lawrence proposed, and which was so justly reprobated in all quarters. Lord Lawrence would be for awaiting Russia quietly in the plains of the Indus, permitting her to mature all her arrangements undisturbed, and trusting to be able to defeat her armies as they issued from the mountains—a policy so fatuous that it is due to Lord Lawrence to suppose that he was led to put it forward only by the heat of controversy. Sir Henry Norman would be for meeting Russia or any other threatening enemy in advance, going to meet her before she comes to us; but he contends that the time has not yet come for making this forward movement. It is not as if

the objective point at issue were a bridge-head, or even a fortified position which the two sides were each racing to get to first. Russia is still a long way off, and her influence in Afghanistan, we may hope, is now to be effaced for some time to come. If she tries to re-establish it, we are bound to destroy it again; and long before the time came when Russia could find herself holding any part of Afghanistan in strength, those who share the opinions advocated by Sir Henry Norman would be for taking up the strategical position at Candahar, dominating the whole country, so ably sketched out by General Hamley. What they maintain is that the time for doing this has not yet come, and that when it does come the precedent of the present war, equally with that of the last, shows that it is in our power to enter and occupy the country whenever we please; and that therefore it is far wiser to husband our resources in the meanwhile by saving the expense which a partial occupation of the country would involve, accompanied as it would be by the certain alienation of its people.

What, no doubt, must be insisted on at any cost is that English influence should be paramount throughout Afghanistan, and that we should have the means of getting trustworthy information at all times about what is passing on the frontier. But it does not at all follow that the occupation of Jellalabad or Candahar would make it any safer for a British officer to live at Herat. On the contrary, we may expect that the extreme unpopularity of such an occupation would dangerously manifest itself wherever our countrymen were isolated or unprotected. On the other hand, there is now an opportunity for establishing friendly relations with the people and rulers of the country, such as we have never had before, and such as may never occur again. Insist on perfect freedom of access to the country for British subjects of all classes, and that Russian influence in every form, direct or indirect, shall be excluded; and be prepared to advance at any time into the country, if necessary, to enforce these terms; but do not keep a soldier beyond the frontier after peace is proclaimed; do not annex any territory, and at the same time respect the independence of its internal government. In this way it may be possible, by proving both our disinterestedness and our determination to avenge affronts, to establish friendly relations with the country, based on a feeling of mutual respect and self-interest. It would be far less troublesome, and less costly, in the opinion of those who take this view, to make an expedition into Afghanistan occasionally to enforce our demands, always returning again as soon as we had effected this object, than to embark in all the difficulties and dangers of permanent occupation; the least of which are that we may find ourselves drawn into a much larger and more expensive scheme than was at first contemplated, and also that a time for retrenchment may come, with the inevitable policy of reaction; and that then the outlying garrisons may be cut down to a dangerously low point, to be followed, not indeed by disasters like that of the last occupation, but which might yet be serious and discreditable.

Looked at from every point of view, the course now to be adopted, one way or the other, is of deep import to the future both of India and of this country. We may at least hope that, if there is to be annexation, the sagacious reasoning of General Hamley will avail to prevent such a military blunder being made as the occupation of Jellalabad; while the forcible remonstrance of Sir Henry Norman may at least make us pause to ask whether the strategic combinations drawn out by the former, however intrinsically admirable, ought not to be for a time deferred, as being applicable to a condition of things which has not yet come to pass.

#### HOUSE-HUNTING.

**A**MONG the various conditions of life in which one feels more or less like a fish out of water is that of a man wandering about London armed with "orders to view." His powers are, for the time being, both extraordinary and embarrassing. He rings at the door-bells of people whom he does not know, provided with search warrants enabling him to inspect their homes from top to bottom. He has only to call upon a house-agent in any quarter of the metropolis, and express a wish to find a house with a certain number of rooms at a reasonable rent, and he will be immediately presented with slips of paper, not unlike cheques, empowering him to invade the privacy of several of the neighbouring houses. One might imagine a being endowed with such plenary powers to be an object of dread; but, in reality, he himself usually feels rather embarrassed and uncomfortable. He is to be observed at street corners, shyly looking over the agent's lists, and sorting his orders to view, with an unhappy and perplexed countenance. Having selected the scene of his attack, he nervously rings the bell and knocks timorously at the door. He then is placed in this dilemma—that if the family is at home he feels he is an intruder, and if the family is away he has to wait about ten minutes at the door until the "party in charge" chooses to present herself, after a tedious unlocking, unbolting, and unchaining of doors; eventually enduring a long delay in all the reception rooms while the shutters are being opened. He is lucky if, when the owner of the house and his family are absent, a seedy-looking man in black attire does not open the door and say that the housekeeper has "stepped out" for half an hour, concluding by observing that he is her uncle or cousin. On the

other hand, when the master is at home, it is not unusual for the servant who answers the door-bell to assume an air of injured innocence at the very imputation that the house is to be let at all, and to treat the would-be "viewer" as if he were a bailiff. When we ring the bell of a house with closed shutters and "To Be Let Furnished" posted in the windows, every passer-by seems to regard us with looks of pity. A baker's boy, with a basket on his back, wears an expression which we interpret to mean, "That is the house where they had the scarlet fever." A professional-looking man, probably a doctor, seems as though he would say, "I could tell you something about the drains at that house"; and when the confidential servant of the family opens the door, she is clothed in deep mourning.

The physical act of house inspection closely resembles the punishment of the treadmill. The climb from the cellars to the garrets of a large London house is beyond a jest; and the thorough examination of half-a-dozen houses between breakfast and luncheon is a matter of considerable bodily fatigue. After all his trouble, too, the amateur is often mistaken in fancying that he has made a thorough examination. Perhaps he returns to his hotel imagining that he has investigated everything, and carrying in his pocket copious notes; but a few questions from his wife soon enlighten him as to the true value of his labours. He is asked whether there are fireplaces in all the rooms in the highest story of one house, and whether hot water is carried up to the second-floor of another; he is also cross-questioned about various matters relating to the sculleries and offices. The probability is that he fails completely in his examination, and may even be called stupid, after all his trouble. This is a poor reward for unselfishly exposing himself to the suspicion of being a possible burglar in disguise at every house which he has inspected. The hours which he spends at his hotel are devoted to studying the map of London, on which he measures the distances from the houses which he fancies to certain objects of personal interest, such as his Club, the Park, the Opera, &c. Anxious examinations are made as to the whereabouts of the Underground Railway, as there are generally some most eligible mansions to be let immediately over the greater part of the South Kensington portion of that line. The house-hunter often imagines that he has found exactly the house that he wished for, when the rumbling of the trains, or the coloured line on the map, dash his hopes to the ground. The two great bugbears, however, of house-hunters are (or should be) defective sanitary arrangements and smoky chimneys. As regards the former, it is always desirable to send an independent and trustworthy agent, who has no interest in the letting of the house, to make a thorough examination, accompanied by a competent workman, who will climb on leads and handle waste pipes and traps. This only costs a small fee, and saves much after-trouble. But what shall we say of smoky chimneys? We remember taking a charming house for an interesting occasion. It was prettily furnished and the rooms were airy. The best bed and dressing room seemed all that could be desired. When, however, there was an addition to the family the wind changed, and the chimneys of the two chambers in question proceeded to smoke in the most vicious and determined manner; and we soon learned that smoky chimneys and a scolding wife are a trifle compared with smoking chimneys and Mrs. Gamp. We will not dwell on such horrors; but we may observe that servants appear to consider their masters personally responsible when a chimney smokes. They probably argue in some such manner as this—"Why did master take a house with smoky chimneys?" or, if the house is his own, "Why does he not have contrivances adjusted to them to prevent their smoking?" When the wretched man is summoned into a room in which the smoke is descending in volumes, no excuse that he can urge will be tolerated, and his domestics look at him as if they thought it was all his fault, and that the least he could do would be to stuff himself up the chimney, like a straw bag, in order to abate the nuisance.

Among the minor annoyances on taking possession of a house is the disappearance of everything which tended to make it look pretty and habitable when we first went over it. The nice pieces of old china are gone, and so are the Persian carpets and the handsome portières. The rich cretonnes are replaced by faded covers, and the stair carpet which we had so much admired has given place to a green druggat. We are horrified to find that one bedroom has been locked up, thus making us a room short of our calculations, and all the pretty things which we miss have been securely secreted in this chamber. But these are rather the future troubles in store for the house-hunter than his experiences when engaged in the actual pursuit, and it is with the latter that we have now to deal. One of the first of these is surprise at the variety of taste exhibited by the British householder. It is true that there is not much variety in houses which are habitually let. Houses of this class, like habitual drunkards, soon seem to lose self-respect; but there are many houses which are only occasionally let, and these do not acquire that "by the week" or "by the season" appearance which seems to claim for them a relationship to a four-wheeled cab. In the better-furnished houses of the "occasional" type there is plenty of variety to be met with. There is the black-and-gold style, the carved foreign oak style, and the "very respectable" style. There are houses in which Queen Anne reigns supreme, and houses in which the owners' leading idea seems to be crimson velvet. The upholsterers have decorated one house in a style which they are pleased to call Early English, and another in that of the later French Kings. Here we find the heavy mahogany furniture which was the fashion thirty years ago, and there are



comfortless chairs and sofas supposed to be made by the Chippendales. Occasionally we are sent to see a house whose inhabitants are victims to Tudor-mania or a devotion to dingy old tapestry; but worst of all is the house whose owner has filled it with treasures from remote parts of Asia, Africa, or South America. Now and then the house-hunter enters a mansion containing some pretensions to high art. To the ordinary caller this may be rather imposing; but it soon loses its effect upon the man armed with an order to view, as he almost always finds that the high art stops at the first floor, and if the lower stories savour of Christie and Manson, the upper ones are devoted to the productions of the cheaper shops in Tottenham Court Road. Some evil-disposed letters of houses have had the sagacity to discover that there is a style of decoration, much in favour at present, in which dark papers and dark fabrics are leading features, and the use of these affords them opportunities of making an affectation of artistic display, and at the same time concealing dirt. It is little consolation to a tenant to pass his days among æsthetic surroundings, if his nights are to be disturbed by those visitors which landlords of hotels and lodgings always declare that the victim has brought in his own portmanteau. Indeed with regard to the nights it is a pity that house-hunters cannot try the beds before taking a house, as in many mansions which house-agents term "noble" they are extremely uncomfortable.

Although the occupation of inspecting houses when their inmates are at home is far from being agreeable, it affords a certain amount of interest to the observer of manners and customs. He never sees life under exactly the same conditions at other times. Even in his own house he would be unlikely to go into and examine every room, whether occupied by friend or servant. Of course in the houses of his most intimate London acquaintances he usually sees only the reception rooms; but now he enters the homes of utter strangers, and invades them from attic to basement, going into every chamber as if he were a foreign police agent authorized to make a domiciliary visit. Although he is not, like a police official, in search of evidences of crime, he often sees things which are not altogether edifying. He observes ladies in their boudoirs, dressed in uncertain attire, reminding him of the child who had, as her nurse observed, neither washed her face, brushed her hair, nor said her prayers. We have, when on house-hunting expeditions, on more than one occasion, found ladies in fine houses in an untidy and unkempt condition unworthy of their maids; sometimes they were drawing in water-colours with more mess and confusion than would have been necessary if they had been painting in oils; and sometimes they were helping to make *réchauffés* of smart dresses, which afforded a striking contrast to the dowdy and faded attire which they were wearing at the time. In bedrooms we have been much struck by the extraordinary quantity of bottles often crowded upon chimney-pieces, washstands, and chests of drawers, a quantity sometimes rivalled by that of the wretched little pictures with which the walls have been unevenly dotted. In many cases the bed and dressing-room tables have been littered with a curious assortment of little books of devotion and two-shilling novels, and plaster angels have jostled boxes of face-powder.

It would be an endless task to dwell on half the incidents of a week's house-hunting. We should never have done if, for instance, we attempted to describe the varieties of house-agents, from the grand man, who scouts the idea of getting any house fit to live in under eight hundred guineas for the Parliamentary season, to the fatherly old humbug who hopes that we will, if possible, select out of his long list a house which belongs to a widow who has lost money in a bank; or if we entered into the peculiarities of the elderly females who are to be found in charge of London houses, or those of the "house-maids left." As to the vicissitudes of tenants in their after-experiences, it would be easy to fill a book with them; but it is unpleasant to treat of painful subjects, and most people can recall unpleasant recollections of "furnished houses." There are, however, in our opinion, people who are even more to be pitied than house-hunters. The occupation of the latter may sometimes be wearying; but they may console themselves with the reflection that in a great many ways it is far preferable to that of tenant-hunting.

#### COUNT ARNIM ON THE FALK LAWS.

FROM his asylum in Austria Count Henry Arnim has issued a second pamphlet on the Falk Laws. The tone of the former one, *Der Nuntius Kommt*, was rather destructive than constructive. It criticized sharply the existing Bismarckian legislation, but the writer was in turn charged with having failed to suggest any alternative policy. That something must be done to meet the new pretensions of Rome he fully admitted, but how this was to be accomplished without the *Culturkampf*, as it is termed, he did not explain. He still thinks the *Culturkampf* a blunder, and a blunder which sooner or later will inevitably bring its retribution, and in that belief he is of course, as he reminds his readers, far from being singular. We have ourselves often pointed out that it is a common error of statesmen—and especially statesmen of the "blood and iron" stamp—to miscalculate the strength and intensity of moral forces. "A Pope in jack-boots," as Mr. Frederic Harrison once called Prince Bismarck, is apt to be beaten in the long run, though he be the master of twenty legions,

and Prince Bismarck himself has so far manifested a consciousness of the danger that he has not refused to enter on negotiations, which are reported still to be pending, with the new occupant of the Papal throne. That he should openly confess himself mistaken in his original policy is more than can be expected even from "the brutal frankness" of so very outspoken a revealer of his own opinions as he has shown himself to be; but such a confession is tacitly implied in the willingness to modify it. Count Arnim however shall be left to state his view of the results of that policy for himself:—

No one can be more convinced than I am that the *Culturkampf* must come to an end. It could never be doubted that Liberalism, on entering the combat sure of victory, had once more embarked in the well-known Ship of Fools of the time, which, driven by the winds and wanting a compass, must be wrecked on the rocks of the Church. We were to behold a conflict of heroes, and we have merely seen the scuffling and scratching of cats (*Katzbalderei*), in which all authority and dignity have been lost. Instead of securing the supremacy of the Emperor over the Church, theory, by the paper majesty of its laws, has sought to establish its governing presence (*Mitregieung*) in the Church. I do not stand alone in this opinion. There is no European country whose soil I have not trod in late years, but I cannot remember anywhere having found a statesman, to whatever party belonging, who recognized the necessary fitness (*Zweckmässigkeit*) of the *Culturkampf*. To take only one example, Adolphe Thiers to wit:—"I am quite willing to admit," said he shortly before his fall, "that M. de Bismarck is a remarkable man. But what I cannot comprehend from any point of view is his religious policy. He will smart for it; he will smart for it. Write him on my part—no, do not write, but tell him when you see him that he is on the wrong track. And I may here tell you a story. Towards the end of the battle of Waterloo Napoleon was in despair. It was then that a great wag, M. Ouvrard, the contractor, went up to the Emperor and said:—'Sire, the English have lost an enormous number of men.' 'Yes,' replied the Emperor, 'but I have lost the battle.' It is thus that M. Bismarck will have one day to exclaim, 'The Church has lost enormously, but I have lost the battle.' He will smart for it; he will indeed."

It is always easy for a bystander to note the mistakes of the chess-players; it is not equally easy to say how the game should have been played. That is the point dealt with by Count Arnim in his present pamphlet, and there can be no doubt that he makes out, on paper at least, a very plausible case. It will surprise nobody acquainted with his previous career to find him taking, like Mr. Gladstone with us, what may be called a more theological view of the Vatican Council—which he regards as the *fons et origo mali*—than might suggest itself to a man who is a statesman and nothing more. But on that view he bases an elaborate superstructure of political action towards the existing Roman Catholic Church. First, however, he disposes of the suggestions already made by others for putting an end to the conflict. It seems that Herr Reichensperger had suggested three courses by which the *Culturkampf* might be brought to an end. There might be a new Concordat with the Holy See; or there might be simply a return to the *status quo ante*; or the Cavourian principle might be adopted of "a free Church in a free State." To the first of these proposals Count Arnim replies that, apart from the fact that Prince Bismarck would never for a moment entertain such an idea, many of the Catholics themselves would object to it. A return to the *status quo* is rendered impossible by the new aggression of Rome in the Vatican decrees, "which has completely transformed the long-established constitution of the hierarchy." Moreover, simply to abrogate the Falk Laws now would be at once a humiliation for the Empire, and an abandonment of their legitimate object in counteracting the dangerous influence of the Roman Curia on European politics. As to the third method suggested, Count Arnim asks—what is indeed a very pertinent question—whether any one understands what the application of Cavour's famous maxim would practically mean? He says that he himself once observed to Prince Bismarck that it might be translated by "a free Conspiracy in a disarmed State," and if the expression was exaggerated, he still considers that the experience of the English Government in Ireland, since Rome has gained a more complete and direct influence there, goes far to justify his estimate. At the same time he quite admits that the condition of things contemplated by Cavour might become inevitable, and have to be chosen as the less of two evils; and he adds that this is also the opinion of Prince Bismarck himself, who said to him, when the struggle with the Vatican was already in full swing, that the state of things which existed in England and Belgium appeared to him desirable. Count Arnim adds, not unreasonably, that many would find it difficult to build the bridge by which the Imperial Chancellor could pass the gulf between the *Culturkampf* and a free Church in a free State, but meanwhile his statement "affords a conclusive proof that he would not be surprised to find the extreme consequences of his policy lead to an intolerable state of things."

So much for the possible remedies of the actual difficulty. But Count Arnim's main object is to show how the difficulty might have been avoided. And here he goes back at once to the Vatican Council, and repeats the proposal made at the time in Prince Hohenlohe's despatch but rejected by those to whom it was addressed, that the European Governments should have insisted on their right to send ambassadors to the Council. It was abundantly clear that Pius IX. had long made up his mind to give battle to the ideas on which the existing order of States, including Prussia, rests, and they ought to have accepted the challenge. The gain would have been immense if the Pope had lost the battle, and such a result was by no means impossible. But even if the Pope had refused to admit ambassadors, a great point would have been gained, for the King might fairly have forbidden his bishops to

attend an assembly sure to concern itself—as in fact it did—with political questions, while closing its doors against his own emissaries. And Count Arnim thinks that the Prussian bishops would have obeyed such an order. But supposing the Pope had consented to receive ambassadors, they might have told the bishops plainly that, if by their votes or their silence they allowed the constitution of the Church to be changed, their cathedral doors would be shut in their faces on their return home. This would probably have balked the scheme of the Curia. But if the worst came to the worst, and the Vatican decrees had actually been voted, Count Arnim is still prepared with a policy which he thinks would have averted the existing complications. He would have declared that by the new position given to the Pope, "the Catholic Church," with which the State had entered into contracts, "no longer existed," and therefore all ecclesiastical property reverted to the State. And he enters into an ingenious argument, which we cannot stay to examine here, to show that by the canon law and feudal law of the middle ages the *dominium directum* of Church property belonged to the Emperor. But he would have left the present owners undisturbed in the use of it on certain conditions which are thus summed up:—

1. The heretofore Roman Catholic Church, in consequence of the *Pater æternus* Vatican Constitution decreed by the Pope, and accepted by the Prussian Bishops, has ceased to exist. The *Rechtssubject* for the rights of the ancient Church falls. All ecclesiastical property reverts to the State.
2. The State recognizes the Church ruled over by the Bishop of Rome as a legally existing religious society, and assures it the usufruct and management of the means and moneys due and appertaining to the ancient Church.
3. The Cathedral Chapter must choose no one for Bishop without having become assured that he is a *persona grata*. With respect to Cathedral offices and prelates the existing laws will remain in force.
4. If a Chapter chooses a *persona ingrata* for Bishop, it will be presumed of the Cathedral dignitaries who have assisted in his election that they no longer desire to belong to the recognized Church and that they have relinquished the enjoyment of the incomes appertaining to their posts. The Bishop thus elected will likewise be refused admission into the episcopal residence, and will in every respect be regarded as having of his own accord seceded from the recognized Church.
5. The Bishops are proposed to name to the President-Superior every clergyman whom they have to appoint, and to assure themselves that he is a *persona grata*. The aforesaid President shall reject candidates who are not German, and who have not passed the final examination at a national high school.
6. If a Bishop appoints a clergyman without (previously) naming him to the President-Superior, the Bishop as well as the clergyman will be held to have relinquished the enjoyment of the income and the dwellings appertaining to their posts.
7. The stipulations contained in Article 5 also apply to professors and teachers in ecclesiastical colleges (*Seminarien*). These and other educational establishments for the clergy will be subject to State supervision with respect to discipline, domestic order, &c. Those ecclesiastical superiors who resist the agents of the Government in regard hereto will lose their right to draw stipends from the Church. An establishment may ultimately be closed by the President-Superior.
8. Decrees of ecclesiastical discipline carried out by other than German authorities are not valid. Sentences of the same which injuriously affect the fortune of the condemned or restrict his freedom, cannot be executed against the will of the latter. The person in question will be protected by the civil authorities. Prosynodal tribunals will not be regarded as non-German authorities.
9. The *recursus ab abusu* is permitted. The Council of State is the competent authority to deal with the *recursus*.
10. From the retained temporalities a religious fund will be formed, as to the use of which special provisions will be made.

Whatever weight may be attached to the theological or canonical arguments by which this scheme of policy is supported, there can be no doubt that it possesses some obvious advantages over the Falk legislation, while it appears to provide equal security for the rights of the State. It avoids all direct interference with the internal affairs of the Church, while it offers protection to her ministers against tyrannical superiors, in all matters concerning "the man" as distinct from "the priest." And it avoids those punishments for conscience sake which have made the Falk Laws odious, and drawn on them the charge of persecution; for the withholding of temporalities from those ministers of the Church who refused to comply with the civil regulations would not be inflicted as a punishment; it would be simply the consequence of acts disqualifying them for membership of the State Church as such. Count Arnim of course fully allows that Pius IX. would have had no patience with a law which began with denying his rights as the legitimate successor of St. Peter, but he thinks that even he would have eventually come to terms, and adds—what is no doubt true—that there were times when Pius was inclined to yield. One such time is said to have been just before he delivered the Allocution in which Prince Bismarck was compared to Nero or Attila, and Count Arnim, speaking apparently from some private sources of knowledge, says that "the Prince would be greatly surprised to learn how and by whom that Allocution was occasioned." It may be added that the scheme suggested would perhaps not have provoked so much ill will and resistance as the Falk Laws among the Catholics generally, for it would not have had the same appearance of persecution, and would not in fact have made so many martyrs, nor would the martyrdom suffered have been of so serious a kind. There are no doubt those among the Ultramontane party who for this very reason prefer the existing law, the severity of which, and its interference with conscientious convictions will, they think, lead to its eventual overthrow. But Count Arnim is probably right in believing that the pressure on the great body of Prussian Catholics would have been less heavy under the system he advocates, and the danger of ultimate failure proportionately diminished. At the same time the detailed application of his plan would be beset with many practical difficulties. It comes in fact to something very like Cavour's, and thus shares what is shown by experience to be the inherent weakness of all

theories of the separation of Church and State. They look smooth and symmetrical enough on paper, and are capable of the most irrefragable logical defence. But somehow or other the attempt to reduce them to working order has never yet met with anything like complete success. And a problem which is found so difficult of solution on the virgin soil of America would certainly not be more easily solved amid the bureaucratic traditions of German imperialism.

#### DINNERS.

IN the famous scene in *Le Misanthrope* where so many unfortunate are dissected, the pitiless Célimène is specially incisive about a man who has some reputation as a dinner-giver. Clitandre says to her:—

Mais le jeune Cléon chez qui vont aujourd'hui  
Nos plus honnêtes gens, que dites-vous de lui ?

CÉLIMÈNE.

Que de son cuisinier il s'est fait un mérite,  
Et que c'est à sa table à qui l'on rend visite.

ELIANTE.

Il prend soin d'y servir des mets fort délicats.

CÉLIMÈNE.

Oui; mais je voudrais bien qu'il ne s'y servit pas.  
C'est un fort méchant plat que sa sottise personne.  
Et qui gâte, à mon goût, tous les repas qu'il donne.

Even if the condemnation was deserved, Cléon's case was not hopeless. If told of the criticism, he could have replied that it was not his fault that he was stupid, but that it certainly would be his fault if his table were otherwise than well served; and he might have added that at all events he did what he could to give pleasure to his friends. Gastronomes in our own time are sometimes made the subjects of criticism much resembling that of Célimène, if not quite so neatly expressed, by people who may be supposed to have come to the conclusion—doubtless on good grounds—that meetings at their houses have intellectual charms which are a quite sufficient boon for their friends, and that it is unnecessary to devote serious attention to the vulgar question of food. The *gourmet* who is thus condemned may make the modest defence which has been suggested, and may possibly say that, judging from a good many of the dinners which are offered him when he goes out, he must have a very fair proportion of brilliant people amongst his acquaintance. Perhaps even he may go so far as to argue that contempt for material pleasures, however worthy a feeling, may be carried too far, and that, without being devoted to gluttony, the masters and mistresses of houses might surely so far consider the arrangement of their tables as to abandon a custom invented in a time of ignorance, and not have their dinners served upside down; for upside down English dinners, when not of a simple kind, almost invariably are.

This may easily be shown to be the fact by comparing them with the French originals of which they are supposed to be a copy. No doubt it may be objected that Englishmen have as much right to arrange how they will eat as Frenchmen have, and that, if they choose to depart in some respects from the French custom, it is not to be assumed that they are necessarily wrong. Certainly people are entitled to take their food in the way that seems best to them, and if a man chose to begin his dinner with apricot tart, no one could blame him provided he really liked such an arrangement; but if it was found that he did this under the impression that he was following an orthodox course, he might be thought rather foolish. Englishmen, when they adopted the French dinner for feasting days, altered it in the point wherein it most closely resembled the English meal, and apparently did not make this change from any original ideas, but because they did not understand the system followed by the French cooks, or the difference in a staple article of diet in France and England which made it to some extent unfit there for the kind of cooking which produced the best results here. The change, then, was certainly not likely to be an improvement; but as the manner of serving a dinner into which it was introduced is still adhered to, it may be well to point out somewhat fully how the alteration was made, and how much it is opposed not merely to gastronomy, but to common sense and to due regard for digestion. The error which the Englishman makes in ordering his dinner has indeed been already very clearly pointed out in one of the most amusing works ever written about cookery, *Kettner's Book of the Table*, and we have spoken of it previously; but there can be no harm in reverting to the subject, as a great deal of expostulation will be necessary before men can be induced to depart from what, according to a tradition now of some standing, is the proper mode of arranging a feast.

The rule of the French kitchen, which for a long time past has been invariably followed in France, is that the most substantial kind of food should be given first at dinner, so that people may eat it while their appetites are vigorous, and that the lighter kinds should follow. It is also a rule of the French kitchen—not now unfortunately followed as strictly as formerly—that the simple flavours should come first and the more marked ones afterwards. In a French banquet, then, just as in the excellent old-fashioned English dinner, the soup was succeeded by large fish and by joints or big pieces of meat, or by substantial birds. These were called *relevés*, because they were put in the place of soup-tureens which were taken



away. "Un nouveau service ou un nouveau plat qui en remplace un autre" is one of the definitions of the word *relevé* in M. Littre's Dictionary, and in old French bills such expressions occur as "grandes entrées pour relever les poissons," "entremets pour relever les salades." For a long time past, however, the term has usually been applied only to the dishes that come next to the soup; and the French *relevés*, sometimes subdivided into *relevé de poisson* and *grosse pièce* are therefore the exact equivalent of the fish and joint of the English dinner. In the cooking, however, there is one important difference. Although the *relevé* may consist of roast, it far more frequently consists of braised, meat, the simple reason for the fact being that French meat, inferior to the English, is much better adapted for braising than roasting. M. Urbain Dubois, in the preface to the English translation of the elaborate work on Cookery written by himself and M. Bernard, explains the reason, while claiming, like a patriotic chef, as much merit as he can for the meat of his own country. He points out that in France bullocks are not slaughtered until they are four or five years old, and have gone through a certain amount of work, while in England bullocks are fattened to be slaughtered "as soon as they have attained the requisite qualities." French beef is therefore unfit—is in fact too tough and fibrous, though M. Dubois does not like to say so—for roasting, and requires to be softened by the long process of braising. English beef, on the other hand, being much more tender, is admirably suited for roasting. French mutton is also far inferior to English, and, though more often roasted than beef, is generally speaking, better when braised. The method of dressing which was found most suited for these two kinds of meat has been followed with others, and naturally enough the practice of the French kitchen has been to braise the joints or large pieces of meat which constitute the first and most solid part of dinner. Naturally enough, also, the same kind of food has in England been roasted, but, subject to this difference, made necessary by the different qualities of what had to be prepared, the old-fashioned English dinner was in one respect similar to the French one. Substantial food was given early in the meal, when people were likely to be able to enjoy it and, we may add, to digest it. This rule, however, which is clearly founded on good sense, and not on any fanciful gastronomic theory, English dinner-givers thought fit to reject when they partly adopted the French system. The fish they retained, but they seem to have been not a little puzzled by the other *relevé* which preceded the made dishes. Rightly enough, they changed the braised meat of France for the roast meat so dear to Englishmen, without which a dinner would have been regarded as contemptible; but, having done this, their good sense appears to have been exhausted, and they wisely proceeded, for some inscrutable reason, to put the meat *relevé*, or *grosse pièce*, some distance on in the dinner, placing it after the *entrées*. By this sensible arrangement the whole scheme of the French dinner was upset, and the advantages of the simple and excellent English repast were also sacrificed. With singular happiness the arrangement of the dishes was made equally objectionable for those who liked dining in the French way and for those who cared only for plain fare. A further merit of this brilliant plan was that a roast immediately followed a roast, in opposition to the fundamental rule of French cookery.

The mistake was probably due to the difficulty which was felt, when dinners after the French fashion were first given, in disposing of the great piece of beef or mutton, accompanied by a mass of vegetables, which had to make its appearance somewhere in the feast. People did not the least understand that French joints were braised because that was the best way of cooking them, and could not see where the proper place for their own big dish was. They saw, however, that there was a *rôt* amongst the French *plats*, and, not knowing that this was a very different feature in a French dinner from what a roast was in an English one, concluded that the sirloin or saddle had better come close to the *rôt*, thus cleverly hitting on exactly the wrong place. This arrangement, caused apparently by pure ignorance, became the fixed rule of English dinners, and it has now been followed for so long, and is regarded as so imperative, that few even of the dinner givers who know better dare depart from it. Yet it is thoroughly absurd, both from the point of view of those who have studied the intricacies of the French system and of those who despise them. The result, as seen at any ordinary dinner-party, is sufficient to prove this. A man who has eaten of two or perhaps three *entrées* has placed before him a great slice of mutton, and immediately afterwards finds proffered at his side a sort of small chaldron, with divisions, from which three kinds of vegetables steam. When, in order to get rid of it for good, he has helped himself, a stern attendant very likely thrusts some salad on him at the point of the bayonet, and this trifling plateful—a meal in itself—he is expected to get through when he has more than half finished dinner. Close to him is perhaps a luckless guest who detests made dishes, and would have liked to have dined off fish and roast meat; but he has had to wait so long for the latter that, when it comes, he has no appetite for it. There is certainly singular felicity in the arrangement so well calculated for every one's discomfort. Will no gastronomic reformer arise sufficiently eloquent to gain the ear of the many hospitable and clever people who give dinners, and to persuade them not altogether to despise the science of the kitchen, and to direct a little of their overflowing wit to the manner in which those feasts are served to which they bid their friends?

If it be asked whether the principal feature in an English dinner can really be introduced into a French one without producing a ridiculous and incongruous meal, the answer is that this was done long ago by the greatest of all French cooks. Carême worked a good deal for Englishmen, and on several occasions took no small trouble to modify the French system to English tastes. To most people who have heard of this cook, his name probably suggests nothing but vanity and the most silly grandiloquence. Very vain and grandiloquent he certainly was, but perhaps this was not unnatural in a man who, springing from the dregs of the people, found himself sought by kings and emperors. Despite the nonsense which he frequently talked, he was a person of considerable intelligence and of most remarkable energy. Beginning his career at a wretched *cabaret*, he rose to be the first cook in France, and contrived, while slaving hard in the kitchen and mastering his business in the most thorough manner, to educate himself and to learn how to draw. He devoted immense attention to the best way of arranging dinners, and sometimes when he cooked for Englishmen he showed the versatility of a really great chef by introducing the mighty English roast, with its accompaniments, into the French dinner. But he did not put it near the end of the meal, after the absurd fashion now followed. He simply substituted it for the braised *relevé*. The following, for instance, are the beginnings of four of the dinners which Carême cooked for English patrons:—1. *Purée* of pearl barley, sturgeon stuffed in a peculiar manner and served with *maitre d'hôtel* sauce, and saddle of mutton served with a *purée* of potatoes. 2. Very light green-pea soup, fish with Dutch sauce, and roast beef. 3. Turtle soup, trout served in a manner of his own, and fillet steaks with a full brown sauce. 4. Light white soup flavoured with celery, pike with brown sauce, and roast beef. Such were the first portions of some of the repasts devised by Carême for Englishmen, to whom he offered after their fish either roast meat or else the one other thing equally liked by them, broiled steaks. Of course in each of these dinners *entrées*, *rôts*, and *entremets* followed in due course; but we have not given them, as our intention has been merely to show how Carême met the difficulty of introducing the principal feature of an English dinner into a French one. This very skilful and intensely concealed French cook would never have sent in the English joint as a *relevé* or *grosse pièce*, if he had thought that doing so was contrary to the principles of what he looked on as a beautiful art; and in such a matter his authority may fairly be looked upon as indisputable. The severest principles of gastronomy and common sense are therefore at one, and there is no conceivable reason why the English national dish should not be restored to the place at feasts from which it has been wrongly degraded.

#### ENGLISH COMPOSITION.

PROFESSOR NICHOL is a bold man. In a little book, so cheap that every one can find money to buy it, so short that every one can find time to read it, and so clear that every one can find brains to understand it, he makes a daring attempt to destroy one of our best-established industries. He aims at teaching people to write briefly and clearly. Since the days of the Clerk of Chatham we doubt whether a scholar has been caught who has more deserved to be hanged with his pen and ink-horn about his neck than this Glasgow Professor. It is true enough that he can plead that he is not the first who has been guilty of the same attempt. Others, we admit, have attempted to teach the art of brief and clear composition. But he will not find his plea of any avail. The whole circumstances of the case are changed since their time. Had he lived a hundred years ago, or even fifty, he could have done little harm. Men could write briefly and clearly then without the risk of bringing whole industries to utter ruin. We beg him for one moment to consider what would be the sure result should his teaching be followed. He aims at imparting, among other things, simplicity, brevity, and precision. He would do away with roundabout, inflated, or pedantic words or phrases, with tautology, pleonasm, and verbosity, with ambiguity and obscurity. Good heavens! we exclaimed, has the man no heart? What will become of our novelists, our special correspondents, our leading-article writers, our poets, and our penny-liners? How are sermons to be composed, parables to be expanded, speeches to be made in Parliament, and letters to be written to the *Times*? How many printers, and printers' devils, and paper-makers, and ink-makers, and newsagents would be starved to death in a month by his simplicity, brevity, and precision. Let him follow in his mind the almost countless trades besides those we have mentioned which are connected with printing, and let him reflect what a blow he wishes to strike at these honest industries. Let him consider how many honest workmen would have their livelihood taken from them should one of our popular novelists—Miss Braddon, for instance, or Mrs. Henry Wood—give up the use of inflated phrases, pedantic words, verbosity, and the rest. At once their three volumes would be cut down to one. They have between them produced, at the very least, a hundred and twenty volumes. It is certain that, had they written under Professor Nichol's guidance, they could have said all they had to say in just one-third of the space. And how hard would have been the fate of those who have made a living by printing these eighty superfluous volumes! When we consider the great demand there is for

these ladies' writings, and the thousands of copies that are printed of each of their novels, we ought surely to hesitate before we strike a blow at so vast an industry. Johnson, in criticizing the style of a bad writer of earlier days, said that, "were a man to write so now, the boys would throw stones at him." Were we all to begin to write as Professor Nichol tells us, then, as the master-printers for want of business turned off their men, there would, we fear, be plenty of stone-throwing. Let us hope that it will not be our heads, but the Professor's, as the real source of all the mischief, that the young printers' devils will take as their mark. He has never, we feel sure, had to edit a daily newspaper, for he would have learnt by experience how true to nature is Fielding when he likens a newspaper to a stage-coach which has to travel the same journey whether it is full or empty. Now it is by verbosity that the columns are always kept full, and that a naked look is avoided. When there is an over-abundance of news, what can be easier for the editor than to give notice to his subordinates to strike out every second substantive and two adjectives in every three? Everything is told that needs telling, and no piece of news of any importance is left out in the cold. On the other hand, when a slack time comes, when no mail has arrived from the Special Correspondents in India, when criminals have been quiet, and neither trains nor steamers have come into collision, then the opposite order goes forth. Substantives that day run in pairs, and adjectives are yoked together like the horses in the tramway-cars.

It is a pity, however, that the necessities of modern life do not allow us generally to follow the advice given in this little *Primer of English Composition*. Were it not for the blow that it strikes, as we have shown, at one of our most important trades we could heartily recommend it to young writers. To recommend it to old writers would be useless. The more they read it the less they will be likely to turn it to use. We should like, indeed, not from any belief that it would do them any good, but from a desire for a mild revenge, to have the power to sentence our female novelists to learn it by heart. They have so worried us by their bad English that we should be glad in turn to worry them by making them study good English. But, after all, the end of punishment, as some philanthropists tell us, is not vengeance, but reformation, and reformation we feel in their case is hopeless. There are, however, not a few by whom this *Primer* might be studied with great advantage. For instance, were it used as a text-book in our schools it might possibly teach the masters to speak with some approach to correctness. It has been noticed that ever since these gentlemen shook off that awful pomposity which was once as much the mark of a schoolmaster as the gold-headed cane was of a physician, they have fallen in their talk into the use of the most slovenly English. They seem to have entered into a kind of compact with their pupils that, in return for teaching them Latin and Greek, they should themselves be taught slang. We see that a warning is given by Professor Nichol against using some of the common English vulgarisms, among others "exam." It is but a few weeks since we heard of a father writing to his son at school to ask him whether he was so hard worked that he had not time to write "examinations," but cut it down to "exams." The lad modestly enough answered that the master always spoke of the "exams," and so he thought it was the proper word to use. "Awfully nice" is another of the expressions which the young reader is warned against. We fear that nothing can drive awfully, and terribly, and tremendously and frightfully back to their proper uses. We were present a week or two ago when a fond mother lamented that her child would say "awfully jolly." "It is," she pathetically said, "so tremendously exaggerated." We are surprised, by the way, to find included among these vulgarisms such phrases as "currying favour," and "they fell out." To "curry favour," is not, we admit, an expression which we much like. It can, however, as we see by Johnson, plead the authority of Hooker and L'Estrange, while "to fall out," in the sense of "to quarrel," is so good a piece of English that it needs no dictionary authority to uphold it, though plenty could be produced. Neither has it, we hope, become one of those obsolete terms which, as Professor Nichol points out, it is so much the fashion to attempt to drag back into life. Among the most frequent sources of barbarism which he notices, he does not give, by the way, the use of what we may perhaps call pet words. Most writers, as has been often noticed, have certain words to which they give an unfair preference. But beyond this, each age also has its favourites. Thus "factor" and "outcome" have shot up in a most wonderful way within these half-dozen years; and the barbarous affectation of "cultured" has grown to the dimensions of a common nuisance. Again, a hundred years ago, those whom we now call clever were all "ingenious," while "respectable" held a position far above those who keep a gig. It was very widely applied, and was in fact in high favour. Madrid was described as a respectable city, the aged Lord Mansfield as a respectable visitor, while Chesterfield in writing of the hour of death said, "That moment is at least a very respectable one, let people who boast of not fearing it say what they please." A writer of the present day would perhaps contrive to make "notable" supply most of the senses in which respectable was used by our forefathers. He would write of a notable city, a notable visitor, and the notable moment of death. This word and its adverbial form, notably, have indeed shot up into favour in the last few years with astonishing rapidity. The rise of "tender" has been sudden, but it is chiefly confined to people who criticize art and poetry, while notable and notably are

favourites of all who write. They have not as yet made equal way in the spoken language. Notable had once fallen so much out of fashion that Johnson in his Dictionary says that it is now scarcely used but in irony. In Northcote's Life of Reynolds there is an amusing instance of the double signification of the word. He had, he said, long wished to see Goldsmith. Sir Joshua suddenly introduced him to the great writer, saying, "This is Dr. Goldsmith; pray why did you wish to see him?" "I was much confused," writes Northcote, "by the suddenness of the question, and answered in my hurry, 'Because he is a notable man.' This, in one sense of the word, was so very contrary to the character and conduct of Goldsmith that Sir Joshua burst into a hearty laugh, and said that Goldsmith should in future always be called the notable man." In fact, to any one who is at all familiar with the writers of last century the present use of "notable" often has a somewhat comical appearance. He remembers how Mrs. Primrose "was a good-natured notable woman. She could read any English book without much spelling; but for pickling, preserving, and cookery none could excel her."

Useful is the warning—would that it were likely to be followed—that Professor Nichol gives against the use of foreign words. "Coleridge," he writes, "and others are wont to use Germanisms, as *Vernunft* and *Verstand*, to veil a confusion of thought. They think that certain distinctions cannot be expressed in English; being imaginary, they cannot be expressed at all." It is not, we feel sure, to any wish to veil a confusion of thought that the use of foreign words is due among most of our writers. Like savages who have managed to pick up a few articles of foreign finery, they are merely anxious to make a very harmless display, and to dazzle the eyes of their less fortunate countrymen. If the truth were once generally recognized that the more a man knows of a foreign language the less he is likely to mix it up with his own, we should soon be free from the jargon in which the novelists and special correspondents above all so much delight. For his instances of incorrect sentences Professor Nichol has searched far and wide. Not a few writers of some renown will, we fancy, find in his little book some of their careless sentences carefully corrected. In no case, however, is the author's name given. We do not know whether, among the examples of mixed metaphors that he has selected, there is any one quite equal to the following, which was last autumn brought before our notice:—"The harvest season is now near, and it is time to unleash the dormant sickle." The following, however, has a humorous touch about it which is irresistible:—"When even an archbishop began to hold his nose, and to complain of the air being poisoned in the vicinity of his palace, the pressure became irresistible." The ambiguity of the following phrase is amusing enough:—"A self-made man arrived in California with only one shirt to his back, and since, he has contrived to accumulate over ten millions." It is a great pity that grammars, whether English or foreign, are not enlivened by such touches as these. If the hard terms of the Public School Primer—those learned absurdities, if we may so term them—were turned out, and a few of these unlearned absurdities were put in, how much easier would be the task both of pupil and teacher. Grammars would cease to be dull, and would be studied to some effect. But then, in that case, all those injuries would most certainly be done to trade which, as we have already pointed out, in some degree threaten us from the publication of even so unpretending a little work as this *Primer of English Composition*. It is better surely to have pedantry, tautology, and verbosity in our language than half-starved printers and paper-makers in our streets. We can with greater patience see the Queen's English misused than the Queen's subjects brought to ruin.

#### NATAL AND THE ZULUS.

SINCE the suppression of the Caffre outbreak in the Cape Colony, Natal has become the centre of political and military activity in South Africa. Owing to the recent absorption of the country of the Pondo Caffres, which intervenes between the Cape and Natal, the British dominions now extend continuously from Table Bay to the Tugela River, the frontier of Zululand. Natal thus at present becomes the outpost of civilization in contact with the Zulu power, the bulwark of barbarism. Military head-quarters and all the available regular troops have in consequence been transferred thither, leaving the Cape Colony to provide in a larger measure than heretofore for its own internal security. This movement was inevitable, since, whatever the projects conceived by the Zulu King, it would be manifestly imprudent to confide in the constancy of his feelings and intentions. Sir Bartle Frere, as Her Majesty's High Commissioner, has recently taken up his residence at Pietermaritzburg; and during his stay he will doubtless adjudicate on the various questions pending between our Government and the King. He may subsequently proceed to the Transvaal to regulate the affairs of that recent and costly acquisition of the British Crown, where not only civil discord is rampant, but the Caffres of Secocoeni have once more flown to arms. Ensnared in their inaccessible strongholds about the Olifant River, and powerfully aided by prevalent drought and disease, they have hitherto held their own. It is matter for serious reflection that the services of two entire British battalions should be engrossed in operations against this insignificant foe.



The ordinary reader who takes a cursory interest in news from distant provinces of the Empire can form but a faint idea of the nature of the crisis through which South Africa is now passing. At the conclusion of the war in the eastern districts of the Cape Colony, it was perhaps hastily assumed that the fires of rebellion had been extinguished. On the contrary, recent disturbances appear to have been but the prelude to more formidable difficulties. Vast masses of natives are seething under the influence of a vague impression that the hour long foretold has sounded when the white intruder shall be chased into the sea. The powerful Zulu King, with his forty thousand warriors, is naturally looked up to as the champion of the national cause. These again, never having as yet experienced defeat at the hands of Europeans, are deeply imbued with the sense of their own strength which is due to uninjured morale and formidable numbers. It is to be apprehended that the strength of Her Majesty's troops now present in Natal is barely adequate to cope with this emergency, since the population is so scanty that volunteers cannot be obtained in any great numbers, as in the Cape Colony. The occurrence of even a trifling mishap to our troops would be inevitably magnified by native report, and might possibly result in Caffre risings on an extended scale. It is to be hoped that no considerations of false economy will be allowed to lead to such destructive consequences.

Within a very short time the question of peace or war with the Zulus must be decided. The King, having concentrated all his available forces, has rendered corresponding movements for the protection of our frontier indispensable. An accident may in this, as in all similar cases, precipitate the final rupture. Our demands on him will, moreover, no longer be confined to the acceptance of the award of the Commission of Arbitration in the disputed territory about the Blood River. Various acts of outrage proceeding from the King or his subjects, with or without his cognizance, have been committed during the last few months. On one occasion two women, who fled across the border to seek asylum on British territory, were pursued thither and brutally murdered. On another, a surveyor was seized near the border by a band of armed Zulus; and, though ultimately released, did not escape without rough treatment. Outrages of this description demand prompt and condign retribution; and, unless amply repaired, constitute a case of war legitimate enough to satisfy the most determined stickler for principles that are totally inapplicable to existing circumstances. The great natural abilities and craft of King Cetewayo are unquestionable, and, were his actions unfettered, he would doubtless be loth to engage in a struggle with the English. Yet, like more renowned potentates in Europe, he may be forced into war in order to save himself from the more pressing perils of internal revolution. There is said to be a powerful party in Zululand which supports the pretensions of the King's brother, Uhamu, to the crown, and it is considered probable that, in the event of war, this body would separate itself from the royal cause. It is, on the other hand, conceivable that, by appealing to the national sentiment, the King may unite his various chiefs in a common effort against the foreigner. A variety of motives, difficult of appreciation to all but persons intimately versed in Zulu politics, will thus influence his decision. But, even were he to accept the award of the Commission of Arbitration, and also to grant ample reparation for the insults offered to British territory, it has now become a question whether the Government would not act prudently in proceeding a step further in the interests of the peace and security of South Africa. The forty thousand warriors of the Zulu King constitute a standing menace to our dominions in that quarter of the globe. Even in Europe the maintenance by a neighbouring Power of an army of corresponding strength would lead to diplomatic explanations and perhaps eventual hostilities. A summons to disarm would, under these circumstances, not be opposed to the principles of international law, while it would tend to promote civilization amongst the Zulus themselves, and would accomplish an indispensable stage in the consolidation of our South African dominions by removing a constant menace to their peace and security. Should the requisite authority and means be conceded by the Home Government, measures will doubtless be taken to place the prosperity of Natal upon a permanent basis. In any case, a strong garrison of regular troops must be maintained for many years to come in the colony, to guard involuntary conquests, and coerce populations indisposed at the outset to accept the benefits of British rule.

Adverting to the Transvaal—so intimately connected with Natal that the two colonies may for most purposes be considered as one—we see the administration hampered by civil discord and commotion, as well as annoyed by Caffre aggression. It is asserted, and not without show of probability, that the natives have been incited by discontented Boers to take arms against the British Government. The tribes subject to Secocoeni occupy a most difficult country, and appear to imitate the dilatory tactics of the deceased Sandilli when established in his fastnesses in the vicinity of King Williamstown. Our troops have been compelled to retire from the chief town of the tribe, owing to dearth of water and the ravages of a pestilence which attacks horses with extreme severity. Thus active operations have been suspended until the arrival of a more favourable season and sufficiently copious falls of rain. All over South Africa the severity of the drought has multiplied indefinitely the difficulties usually attendant on supplying bodies of troops at a distance from their base. The land is literally baked up, and a uniform brown tinges the country, which should now be clad in the green of spring. The

grass is withered, the springs are dried up, and oxen, the draught animals of the country, can find no sustenance. The movement of troops has thus become a difficult operation everywhere. Meantime the obstacles encountered in the civil administration of the province by Sir Theophilus Shepstone have been considerable. If it may be conceded that the policy he carried into effect was somewhat high-handed, it is nevertheless certain that in this matter he received the countenance of a large section of the population, including its most respectable citizens. Many of these were Englishmen who, having acquired property in a distant land, were desirous that the British flag should guarantee to them its undisturbed enjoyment. Others, with fortunes still to make, hoped that the establishment of British rule signified increased expenditure and an extension of trade and commerce. But the most troublesome of the friends of the new order of things were adventurers actuated by delusive hopes of lucrative employment, and filled with exaggerated notions of their own capabilities. From such unpromising material nothing could in the long run be looked for, as the event has proved, but annoyance, covert intrigue, and unmerited abuse. Sir Theophilus Shepstone, having edged comparative order out of this chaos, and secured some respect for the law, may justly claim admiration for his administrative talents.

It may fairly be urged that considerable progress has been made during the past eighteen months in laying the foundations of the future South African Confederation. Time, as in all such cases, is requisite, and indiscreet haste might prove ruinous to the whole scheme. Still more indispensable is it that the needful support should be accorded by the Government to those engaged in its execution. British interests in remote corners of the Empire are apt to be neglected till some striking disaster startles the public mind; nevertheless, as we are an Imperial people, we must pay ungrudgingly the price of empire. Though the outlook is clouded, so far as foreign affairs are concerned, internal politics are in a satisfactory state in the leading colony of South Africa. The Sprigg Administration has proved equal to its duties, the Cape Town Parliament has been dissolved, and Confederation will be avowedly the test question at the approaching elections.

#### TRADE PROSPECTS.

AT the beginning of a New Year it is natural to try to forecast the immediate future. The depression of trade has now lasted nearly five years and a half. In the beginning it was little more than a slackening of the too rapid pace which had been kept up for some time previously; but things have gone from bad to worse until at last a portion of the working-classes are involved in actual distress. Is the depression likely to continue much longer, or may we expect an early revival? It is in itself a favourable omen that the majority of those who venture to give an opinion on the subject are inclined to take a reassuring view, and that the most competent are certainly not the most despondent. Nor is it difficult to find grounds for hopefulness. We have just passed through a financial crisis of extreme intensity, which gave a shock to credit such as has rarely been experienced. Last week we pointed out the effect of this crisis in aggravating the depression, yet outside the banking circles immediately affected by it there has been only one failure of real magnitude. We do not wish to draw from this circumstance a wider inference than the facts justify. The crisis was financial from first to last, and, except in the indirect ways which we explained last week, did not at all affect trade proper. Besides, it is always rash to conclude that everything is safe merely because unsoundness has not been brought to light by occurrences which may have seemed calculated to detect it. Still it is a fact of some significance that, in a period of protracted depression, an extreme shock to banking credit, resulting in an extraordinary and sudden restriction of the accommodation upon which business always reckons, has thus far produced no commercial bankruptcies worth speaking of. The presumption is that trade generally is sound, and is being conducted on prudent principles. If this presumption be well founded, there only needs a revival of confidence and an increase of consumption to bring back more prosperous days. As regards the first condition, it is in the way of being rapidly fulfilled. The banks are relaxing their rigour, the rates of money are easier, and if we have no more failures like those witnessed during the past few months, we may fairly hope to see credit re-established in a very short time. All this of course depends upon contingencies which may or may not happen, but, at any rate, the apprehensions which of late prevailed so strongly are allayed.

As regards the increase of consumption, likewise, there are several encouraging symptoms. To begin with the Revenue Returns published on Wednesday, we find at last an increase in the yield from Excise. The Excise revenue was the first to feel the depression; it has been decreasing for a couple of years, and it continued to decline through the summer and autumn. The last two months, however, show an improvement, as compared with the corresponding period of last year. It is true that the Returns, taken as a whole, are at the best neutral; that Customs, the other great index of consumption, do not show a favourable result; and that Stamps are decidedly unfavourable. But Stamps are the index to the amount of business done, whereas we are now inquiring into

consumption and the fact that even one of the great branches of revenue dependent on the consumption of dutiable goods gives evidence of recovery is, so far as it goes, encouraging. The inference suggested by the Excise figures of the past two months points to improvement in the condition of some part of the population, and the late harvest tells us where to look for that improvement. The past year was favourable to agriculture. The grain harvest, as a whole, was good; the green crops, hay and grass, were excellent. A single year does not make up for three bad ones; but, in spite of many adverse appearances, the agricultural classes are better off than they were, and there is a more hopeful feeling amongst farmers. Even a slight improvement in our greatest industry—for such agriculture is beyond all comparison—would be calculated to produce a great result. No small part of the existing depression is due to the poverty of the agricultural classes in consequence of three years of deficient harvests, bad hay and root crops, and serious cattle disease. They are now better able to support manufacturers by their purchases. But perhaps the most influential of all the forces working towards a revival of trade is the almost unprecedented cheapness of bread. According to the *Gazette*, the average price of wheat throughout England last week was only 39s. 9d. the quarter. The present generation has never before seen the price below two pounds. The importance of this extraordinary cheapness can hardly be overrated. Wages which only twelve months since would have barely sufficed to provide a family with bread now furnish a surplus of about one-third for other outlay. In other words, two shillings go very nearly as far in buying bread as three shillings went a year ago. Considerable as has been the fall of wages, in the interval, it has not been in anything like this proportion. The working classes, therefore, are better off than they were twelve months ago, when they are in employment. That is to say, they have a greater command over the necessities and comforts of life; or, to put the matter more correctly, after providing themselves with their staple food, they have a larger surplus to lay out upon other things. Notwithstanding all that we hear about distress, there is no reason to believe that, outside a few trades, such as the iron and cotton, any more than the surplus labourers have been discharged—namely, those who are taken on in active and dismissed in stagnant times. Assuming these to form a tenth of the whole working population, the remaining nine-tenths have the means of spending more largely than before with the grocer, the beerseller, the shoemaker, and the butcher. All these tradespeople benefit by the increased expenditure as well as by their own reduced bread bills, and in turn become better customers of the dressmaker and the tailor. Thus the current of increased outlay is diffused through every branch of trade.

The very depression itself has been slowly preparing the way for the revival which we are all so anxiously awaiting. In the period of inflation that followed the close of the Franco-German war prices were run up to an exorbitant height. Everybody believed that he was rapidly becoming rich, and that every one else was in the same enviable road. Everybody, therefore, was ready to trust everybody else; and loan after loan was floated for all sorts of adventures—public, corporate, and private. By means of these loans and by the reckless use of credit prices were inflated beyond all reasonable limits. The crash came and prices fell. Naturally it was in manufactured articles that the fall first occurred, but gradually the raw material followed. Then came the struggle to readjust wages. In the inflation period they had gone up, like everything else; very naturally the workpeople were unwilling to lose what they had gained, and they foolishly attempted to prevent the inevitable. Strikes followed in great numbers, inflicting unavailing suffering on the workpeople, adding to the losses of the country, and deepening the depression. They were unsuccessful, of course, and now the necessary readjustment of wages is nearly completed. When it is fully effected, our manufacturers will be in a position once more to take their old place in the world. The prices of manufactured goods are as low as is needful; those of the raw material also seem not to admit of further reduction; and when wages and hours of labour are readjusted so that the cost of production will allow of profitable sales at existing prices, the main difficulty under which our manufacturers have laboured will be removed. It has often been contended by the Trade-Union leaders that cheapness does not stimulate consumption, that the public wants only a certain quantity of a given article, and that it will not be tempted into buying more by a halfpenny or a penny being taken off in the yard or the pound. The recent experience of the Eastern trade refutes this argument. All the world knows that India and China have suffered grievously from famines which have lessened the purchasing power of the populations. Nevertheless the export of cotton goods has gone on from this country, prices have been reduced below the cost incurred, and a larger quantity has been disposed of in the past three years than at any former period. This has been accomplished at a loss, but the material point in our present contention is that cheapness did in fact stimulate consumption. The problem for the manufacturers is to reduce the cost of production until the loss disappears; and then they will be able to push the trade to advantage. There are many signs that the problem is advancing towards solution.

One other favourable circumstance remains to be noted. For nearly four years the Eastern question has kept Europe in anxiety and apprehension. Traders were afraid that a general war might break out, and they did not dare to embark their capital in any enterprise that would extend over much time. They lived, there-

fore, from hand to mouth. Besides, if war had broken out, apart altogether from blockades and risks at sea and loss of markets, all national energies would have been diverted into what we may call the belligerent arts—shipbuilding, cannon-founding, rifle-making, and the like. Lastly, financiers foresaw vast loans opening prospects of indefinite fortunes. While the fear of war lasted, therefore, any real revival of trade was impossible. But the improved political prospect alters the situation. If the Treaty of Berlin is carried into execution, a period of repose may reasonably be calculated upon, and enterprise will be stimulated. The prolonged suspense has given time for stocks generally to run down, and there is probably, therefore, a void to fill. In any case the newly-felt relief will be a spur to activity. When the Berlin Treaty was concluded its influence upon commerce was very distinctly felt, though it was soon checked by the political suspicions which sprang up, and by the bank failures that occurred in more than one country. Should these suspicions be eventually proved to be unfounded, we may reasonably trust to see the hopes of last July realized in the New Year. The decided improvement already manifest in the United States cannot fail to cooperate towards this result. The bountiful harvest with which they were last year blessed, the vast European demand for the produce of their soil, the enforced thrift of recent years, the greater industry necessitated by adversity, and the reduction in the cost of production brought about by the lowering of wages, have at last terminated the distress from which the Americans have so long been suffering, and they are now to all appearances entering upon a fresh period of prosperity. This will naturally react upon ourselves, and the resumption of specie payments which is now a fact will make the trade between the two countries less speculative and more sound.

#### THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

IT was to be expected that the subsequent winter exhibitions at the Grosvenor Gallery should not quite come up to the exceptional excellence of the first, but as yet there are hardly any signs of falling off. The old mines are still yielding apparently inexhaustible supplies of art treasures, whilst new ones are discovered of scarcely inferior richness. Although there is nothing to equal the unrivalled series of Leonardo drawings lent last year by the Queen, yet an almost unknown collection, belonging to Christ Church, Oxford, has been laid under contribution for examples of that master and of others, with results of the highest interest; whilst the Earl of Warwick, Mr. Malcolm of Poltalloch, Mr. William Russell, and other former contributors, are amongst the most prominent supporters of the present exhibition. With the exception of Raffaele and Holbein, all the great masters are well represented—the Dutch school in particular; and to show, we suppose, that the old painters had not a monopoly of good drawing, a whole room is devoted to the studies of M. Ingres—a somewhat cruel kindness. When we add to all this a carefully selected and really representative collection of water-colour drawings by living English artists, it will be seen how much the Grosvenor Gallery has done for the lovers of art.

Without wasting our time on productions fancifully ascribed to Cimabue and Margaritone, we will begin our review of the Italian schools with that earliest of the great masters of the Renaissance, Masaccio—a man who was so much in advance of his age that we can very well believe him to be the author of the "Figure of a Youth" (40), which, in the ease of its attitude and the perfection of its drawing, would seem to belong to the greatest period of art. This, and another study of a "Young Man Reading" (59), may in their unaffected truth to nature be instructively compared with the pseudo-classicism of Mantegna, who joined to great powers of design and composition a total inability to draw living people. Of this master there are many very interesting examples; perhaps the finest is a "Design for a Chalice" (35), which, for delicacy of execution and richness of invention, could scarcely be surpassed, although his imperfect drawing is revealed in the surprising badness of the perspective. "Hercules Slaying the Lion" (14) is a specimen of his most vigorous drawing and design; and "The Entombment" (28) is an important example of his ordinary style, a style in which the figures look like old statues suddenly galvanized into violent movement, and which, in spite of his imitation of antiquity, is deficient in the simple grace and harmonious proportion that distinguished all Greek art. A fine series of prophets and sibyls, lent by Mr. Malcolm, are certainly not by the master himself, but are excellent works of his school.

Verocchio was another artist who made a diligent study of the antique. In No. 642 we have various studies of proportion (mostly drawings of old statues) which he is said to have made for the benefit of his pupil, Leonardo da Vinci. He appears to have adopted two standards—one the length of the hand, ten of which made up the figure, which was also divided into eight parts, each the length of the foot. What sort of progress his pupil made may be seen in the drawings unearthed from the gloomy recesses of the Christ Church portfolios, where they have remained ever since General Guise bequeathed them in the last century, and into which we trust they will never again return. The finest of these is certainly the Portrait Study (83), the sex of which the Catalogue has cautiously left undecided, but which, in spite of the somewhat feminine features, we believe to be male, the form of the cap alone being sufficient to decide this. Nothing more refined and, at the same time, firm and vigorous has ever been done



in portraiture, the only fault to be found with this magnificent drawing being a certain over-blackness of the pupils, probably retouched. The large cartoon (64) has apparently been much injured. The heads are beautiful, and undoubtedly by the master's hand; but there is something hopelessly wrong about the figure of the Virgin. No. 90 is a study of drapery less elaborate than the famous one at the Louvre, but quite as exquisite in its finish and delicacy. The "Study of a Head" (92) is very lovely, but scarcely powerful enough for Lionardo. It may perhaps be ascribed to Luini. After these drawings, it is cruel to turn to the mannered grace and facile execution of Correggio, who is, however, very well represented. Nos. 106, 113, and 117 are studies for the famous cupola at Parma. Perhaps the best of his work is a very beautiful, but rather faded, sketch of three Amorini (120). No. 124 is a good study of a sleeping child.

Turning to the Venetian school, we get some admirable examples of that rare master Giorgione. Nos. 136 and 140 are both landscapes with figures, executed with the point of the brush, and not with the pen, as was Titian's custom. Perhaps it is partly owing to this that they have a softness and refinement to which the latter master never attained, the distance—especially in 140—being of an almost inconceivable delicacy. As compositions they are both of them admirable, the figures appearing in perfect keeping with the landscape, which again has more an air of nature than one ever finds in Titian's studies. No. 132, which is ascribed to Giorgione, may perhaps be the work of some other great Venetian—perhaps Palma Vecchio—but it is in any case a most delightful drawing, with the air of richness and sumptuousness that is typical of the school. Of Titian himself we have nothing quite worthy of the greatest painter (though not the greatest draughtsman) that the world has seen. No. 130, evidently the head of the woman called Titian's daughter in the picture at Madrid, is probably by a pupil, though a fine bold work, but 133 is undoubtedly a genuine specimen of Titian's freest and most spirited manner. The Venus has a sort of healthy robust grace, very characteristic of the master. No. 138, "A Study for the Peter Martyr," is merely a coarse piece of effect, quite unlike Titian's execution, and 131 is a rather commonplace example of his ordinary landscape work.

Before we leave the Italian pictures we must go back to a very curious sheet of studies of men hanging by Andrea del Castagno (403); they are supposed to represent the Pazzi conspirators, whom, according to Vasari, Andrea painted outside the old palace in the very places where they were hanged. But Von Reumont entirely disposes of this story, declaring that Andrea was dead long before the conspiracy, and that the frescoes were really painted by Botticelli. These drawings, however, are certainly not by Botticelli, and may very well be by Castagno. Vasari says that the Pazzi conspirators were hanged by the heels. The drawings represent men hanging by the neck, so we should doubt their referring to this celebrated conspiracy.

We have already said that the Dutch school is very well represented. Of Rembrandt there are numberless examples—many of them very fine. Among the most interesting are two sketches of "Christ Walking on the Sea" (292 and 299), in the latter of which the composition is immensely improved; the figure of the man getting out of the boat being singularly natural in its unaffected awkwardness. There is a sheet of heads (309) which show to perfection Rembrandt's powers of vigorous and subtle portraiture. No. 302 is a very characteristic study of the nude; whilst 305, a roughly-sketched female figure, has a certain charm in the face and limbs that one does not generally look for in Rembrandt. There are also many excellent examples of his landscape work—amongst others a charming sketch in water-colours (209). Rubens is seen at his best in his masterly portrait of his wife (158). She has a sort of exuberant dignity which was the nearest approach to feminine beauty that Rubens ever made. Very fine and bold is his "Portrait of the Earl of Arundel" (163); whilst his "Studies of Venus and Cupid" (165) show how refined his execution (though not his outline) could be when he liked. No. 176 is a very interesting drawing of his after a Bacchus of Mantegna. It is curious how human Mantegna's figure has become, and also how vulgar. Vandyke is fairly well represented. No. 181 is a study in red chalk for a celebrated etching in the "Icones." No. 187 is a good portrait, but the best of his drawings here is undoubtedly the life-sized head of "The Duke of York when a Child" (269). Franz Hals and Terburg have each a good portrait study (236 and 250). The one is excellent in its bold freedom, the other in its refinement and precision. The landscape-painters Cuyt, Berghem, Ruysdael, Van der Velde, are numerous represented; but we can do no more than refer to them.

Passing from the East Gallery to the Vestibule, we come again to the Italian school in the person of perhaps its greatest representative. There is a life-sized cartoon by Michael Angelo (490) at the end of the room, very dark and much injured, but still grand and powerful. The figure on the left especially is in his best manner—the one representing "Charity" appears less happy, but it is very difficult to make out properly. Of the smaller drawings there is one of the highest excellence. The studies for the Dead Christ (495) have a beauty of line such as Raffaele never attained. In these drawings there is no exaggeration, no straining after effect, but simply the beauty of consummate draughtsmanship, with a tenderness of feeling very unusual in Michael Angelo. A Holy Family (496) is a fine example of his most elaborate drawing, but it looks a little retouched. The rest of the Vestibule is filled with the works of the French

school. The Claudes are very fine, but there is nothing else of much interest, save some portraits by Dumoustier, and these are very unequal.

In the sculpture gallery we come to the Raffaele drawings. These are few and of no great merit; the best being a Deposition from the Cross (522), and a bacchanalian scene (573), both good examples of his free and facile manner. No. 535 is an interesting study in his early manner for the frescoes at Siena that were painted by Pinturicchio from his designs.

On the other side are some fine Albert Dürers. Nos. 583, 589, and 599 are life-sized heads, the latter especially good. No. 601, "Design for a Tomb," shows his free yet careful execution at its best. No. 600 is rather puzzling; it is a copy with variations of a well-known engraving. It was never the artist's practice to make such elaborate pen-and-ink studies for his engravings; at the same time the workmanship is so wonderful that it is difficult to assign it to any one but the master himself. We must call attention to a marvellous head by John Van Eyck (629), and then pass on to the room which is devoted to the works of M. Ingres.

There has been so much controversy as to the merits of this artist, that it may be as well to devote a little space to a critical examination of them. By his admirers (amongst whom there are artists and art critics of all schools) he is called the finest draughtsman since Raffaele, with whom he is supposed to have a remarkable affinity. His detractors assert that, not only he cannot paint (which is undeniable), but also that he cannot draw; that his figures are mostly out of proportion, and always feeble; that his compositions are poor and conventional; and that his success lay, not in striving after the ideal beauty of Raffaele, but in painstaking realism in the portraiture of vulgar people. Now we will say at once that, in our opinion, his works at the Grosvenor Gallery go far to confirm the latter view. Let us take the large and ambitious composition called "The Apotheosis of Homer." Was anything more commonplace ever invented? Homer sits awkwardly in the middle of the picture, with numerous figures of ancient writers and artists standing in conventional attitudes on each side of him. On a lower level, and much too small to be consistent with perspective, the study of which Ingres always despised, stand more modern heroes, the grouping and attitude of whom seem to have depended chiefly on prints and portraits from which they are copied with almost slavish fidelity. The drawing is throughout feeble, all the illustrious Greeks and Romans being much too short in the leg. This peculiarity comes out well in the studies made for the separate figures, such as Nos. 662, 664, and 665, all of which dwindle curiously as they go downwards. That Ingres had no eye for proportion can be seen in most of his studies, notably in 635, where the hand is much too big; 633, where the forearm is too long; 643, which is wrong all through; and 652, which is as thoroughly bad a study of a female figure as one could see anywhere. What his feeling for grace of line and poetry of attribute was may be well seen in the picture of "The Odalisque" (696), which is neither more nor less than disgusting. On the other hand, when he confined himself to accurate and careful portraiture of the men and women around him, he reached a very remarkable degree of realism, though one may regret that so much care and pains was bestowed generally on such very unfortunate subjects; where he endeavours to idealize a portrait, as in No. 693, the result is merely ridiculous.

We can but mention the excellent collection of modern drawings which so worthily complete the historical retrospect of English water-colours which was begun last year. The collection appears to be truly representative, and shows a richness and variety which prove that, in some directions at least, a great stride has been made since the days of the founders of the art.

#### HAMLET AT THE LYCEUM.

PROBABLY never in the recent history of the English theatre has any event been so eagerly expected as the opening of the Lyceum Theatre under Mr. Irving's management, which took place on Monday last. It was known that the actor's object in taking upon himself the conduct of the theatre was not so much to display his own great powers as to do honour to his art by securing as near an approach as possible to the combined excellence and smoothness of the best Continental theatres. In the general arrangement and mounting of *Hamlet* much was expected from Mr. Irving's study of the poet, and his keen eye for picturesque effect. It was to be supposed that his fine taste would hit the right point between a mean or shabby illustration of the drama's action and an over-elaboration of gorgeous or so-called realistic scenery. It may be at once said that in none of these matters has expectation been disappointed. What was even more important and aroused a deeper excitement was the announcement that Miss Ellen Terry was to appear as Ophelia. We have often expressed our conviction, founded heretofore on what may have seemed insufficient grounds, that there is scarcely any character in the poetic drama beyond the reach of this actress; and her performance of Ophelia, which is to our thinking more difficult than many parts which are considered greater, has confirmed us in this belief and proved her to possess distinct genius.

Before going into detailed criticism of the acting of the play, it may be convenient to say something of the alterations and improvements made in the scenic arrangement, an account of which

is given in an interesting preface, signed "F. A. M." to Mr. Irving's acting edition. "In Act I," to quote from this, "the first scene has been so constructed as to allow of the ghost appearing to Marcellus, Bernardo, and Horatio on the battlements of the Castle, and not, as generally arranged, merely crossing over the front portion of the stage." It is shown by various passages in the dialogue that this scene is supposed to take place between midnight and the first approach of dawn, and accordingly this has been indicated by the painter, while "in the sky may be seen the star of which Bernardo speaks (line 35), 'When yond same star that's westward from the pole.'" In the last scene of this act an alteration from the usual plan of placing it in another part of the platform has been suggested by the lines, "What if it tempt you towards the flood, my lord, or to the dreadful summit of the cliff," &c., and by Hamlet's exclamation, "I'll go no further." Such a speech is certainly more natural in the circumstances shown in the present performance than it would be if the old direction, *another part of the platform*—supported, as the writer of the preface says, by no particular reason or authority—were followed. Besides, if it was only to another part of the platform that the Ghost led Hamlet, Horatio and Marcellus would hardly have had to spend much time or trouble in finding him. It is of course probable enough that not one of these considerations occupied Shakespeare when he wrote the play; but what is worth doing at all is worth doing well; and, as scenery is in these days universally preferred to the use of placards, it is well that it should be made to serve, as Mr. Irving makes it, its true purpose of illustrating, consistently and picturesquely, the action of the play. In former representations of *Hamlet* at the Lyceum the effect of this scene was undoubtedly marred to some extent by the unhappy arrangement which made the Ghost deliver his speech from a kind of pulpit in a tree, which had apparently been specially established for his use. As it is now managed, the battlements of the platform disappearing reveal a wild spot on a rock-bound shore. The Ghost is discovered standing in the moonlight on a commanding eminence of the rocks, through and down which he sinks when he is summoned back to his torments. In the last scene of Act III., represented, as usual, as an antechamber to the Queen's bedroom, the Ghost is made to enter, not in armour, but "in a kind of dressing robe (the *night gown* of the stage direction in the first quarto)," which, though it is a comparatively small matter, we conceive to be a decided improvement. In the churchyard scene, "the church is supposed to be built on the hill above the royal palace, and the procession is seen coming slowly up the ascent just as evening is changing into night;" and the scene in which Osric appears is placed out of doors, instead of in a hall in the palace as has been customary. The reason of this change, on which the writer of the preface has some pertinent remarks, is to be found in Hamlet's request to Osric to put on his hat, and in what he says about the weather. Finally, the last scene shows a vestibule in the palace, with arches at the back of the stage, through which is seen the orchard, referred to by the Ghost. The grouping and arrangement of colour in this scene, about which there is a curiously pre-Raffaellite air, are admirable. In the text of the play Mr. Irving has indulged in what seems to us a needless love of emendation in various slight alterations, for all of which some authority is to be found. An instance of this is to be found in Act I. sc. 2, where "whilst they *bestil'd* almost to jelly with the act of fear" is given instead of *distilled*. The more usual reading is as graphic and natural as a thing can well be, and the alteration appears to us to be singularly far from being wise or advisable. The association of a jelly—a tremulous substance—with the act of fear is perfectly easy; not so its conjunction with the word *bestil'd*. To *bestil* is, according to Richardson, "to tranquillize, to calm"; and to *bestil* to a jelly is to tranquillize to shakiness, which is plainly absurd. Again, in Act II. scene 2, Mr. Irving reads "For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a *good* kissing carrion," for *god*, which we like no better than the previous alteration. We had a strong impression, which we are glad to find is not borne out by the published edition, that in the last act Mr. Irving, in the line "The cat will mew, the dog will have his day," changed *day* to *bay*—an alteration about as valuable as that of "The child is father to the man" to "The man is father to the child." One other point, which is not new, strikes us as not completely satisfactory. In Mr. Irving's version Hamlet's speech to the King before he kills him runs thus:—

Here, thou incestuous murderous damned Dane,  
Drink off this potion.  
Follow my mother. (*Stabs the King*.)

In the original text Hamlet stabs the King at the words, "Then venom to thy work," and after the King has exclaimed, "O, yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt," come the lines, "Drink off this potion, is thy union here? Follow my mother." Some actors have illustrated this line by the somewhat clumsy process of forcing the contents of the poisoned goblet down the King's throat, as if he were an animal being dosed. There can be no reasonable objection to Mr. Irving's being content, for stage purposes, with killing his enemy once; but we may, we think, fairly object to his retaining the words, "drink off this potion," which, according to his arrangement, are either superfluous, or must bear a meaning that hardly belongs to them. As to the actor's view of the passage in the scene with Gertrude, "Look here upon this picture and on this," &c., that is, it appears to us, a matter upon which every one must judge for himself according to his taste and feeling.

In criticizing such a performance as that of last Monday it is

generally fair to remember its exceptional nature, and the nervousness probably experienced by the people upon whom the chief share of the work falls, however great may be the encouragement given to them. Certainly no actor or manager could wish for a more enthusiastic welcome than that which was given to Mr. Irving; and the only point in his performance for which it was necessary to find any excuse was a tendency to too great slowness in the earlier scenes. In the Ghost scene, in which he has restored the "wild and whirling words" concerning the "old mole" and the "fellow in the cellarage," the actor appeared to us to catch more nearly than he has ever done before, in spite of this slowness, the reaction of wild excitement which possesses Hamlet; but we still find him too lachrymose, too little carried away by an unnatural mirth. From this point onwards Mr. Irving's performance seemed to improve. Throughout the rest of the play he rendered, with even greater force and fineness than before, by turns the bitter irony, the rage, the abandonment to grief, and the lighter moods of the Prince. In the scene at the grave his acting seemed to have assumed more meaning and to be more perfectly under just control; and, as on former occasions, in the dialogue with Horatio just after Osric's exit, he conveyed in a few words a whole history of tragedy. In the scene with Ophelia Mr. Irving's acting has always been marked by strikingly poetical perception and delicate execution. On Monday last he reached in this a height of passion and tenderness which before he has scarcely approached. Something of this effect may no doubt be due to the fresh inspiration derived from the singularly beautiful acting of Miss Ellen Terry.

Throughout *Hamlet* Miss Terry's Ophelia is the essence of grace, simplicity, and tenderness. There is a remarkable charm about her acting of the lighter passages in the early scenes, and her mad scene was exquisite in its thought, its power, its complete unconventionality and its natural pathos. A striking instance of her hold over her audience was found in the deep impression produced by her delivery of the words, "To have seen what I have seen, see what I see." Miss Ellen Terry's performance is one that dwells upon and haunts the memory.

Mr. F. Cooper appears as Laertes. He speaks and moves well, and at times his acting has real merit; at others it seemed ineffective; but, as has been said, we are now speaking of a representation in which probably every one had more or less nervousness to contend with. Mr. Cooper fenced extremely well in the last scene, as, in a less practised method, did Mr. Irving. The exchange of foils was managed probably as well as so strange an affair can be managed. The movements just before it might perhaps be improved. As far as we could see they consisted of rapid thrusts and parries in *seconde*, a guard sparingly used by experienced fencers. It was probably by inadvertence that Mr. Irving wore his hat during the salute and the first part of the assault. Mr. Mead and Mr. Chippendale retain and played excellently their old parts of the Ghost and Polonius. Mr. Swinbourne appeared as Horatio, and Mr. Forrester gave to Mr. Swinbourne's old part of the King a plausible air which it too often wants. Miss Pauncefort seems to us to have improved her performance of Gertrude. The grave-diggers were played with commendably quiet humour by Mr. Johnson and Mr. Andrews; and the minor characters, notably that of Osric, by Mr. Bellew, and the small but important part of Marcellus, by Mr. Gibson, were well filled. The new manager may be warmly congratulated on the success in every direction of his first production. If we might venture on a suggestion, it would be that, having done so much for the drama, he should take one more step forward, and refuse to subject himself to the fatigue of playing such a part as Hamlet every night in the week.

## REVIEWS.

### BAGEHOT'S LITERARY STUDIES.\*

MR. BAGEHOT'S critical Essays are well worth preserving. Mr. Hutton in his graceful and instructive Prefatory Notice expresses a kind of regretful irritation at the praise which had been deservedly, but too exclusively, bestowed on his friend's political and economical writings. Nothing could be more natural than the selection by eulogistic critics of the qualities for which Mr. Bagehot was most generally known; but Mr. Hutton's feeling will be understood by those who have mourned over the premature extinction of intellectual gifts which were only appreciated by a few. That the Editor of the *Economist* discharged with great ability an important public function was known to many who had no means of appreciating the varied gifts which Mr. Hutton lovingly enumerates. Mr. Bagehot's literary criticisms in some degree justify the assertion that in his "buoyant, subtle, and speculative nature the imaginative qualities were even more remarkable than the judgment." His reputation for "the gay and dashing humour which was the life of every conversation in which he joined" must rest on the testimony of his friend. The boldness, approaching to paradox, of some of his literary judgments renders it probable that he was, as Mr. Hutton says, lively

\* *Literary Studies*. By the late Walter Bagehot. With a Prefatory Notice, edited by Richard Holt Hutton. London: Longmans & Co. 1879.



and humorous in conversation. In ordinary society he appeared exempt from the desire to startle or surprise, and indeed from every form of eccentricity. He may probably have reserved his gayer moods and his more subtle play of thought for a narrower circle. One characteristic attributed to him by Mr. Hutton was a deliberate sympathy with what he called stupidity, which was, in truth, commonplace opinion. No competent observer of social and political life will underrate the power and the probable soundness of common judgment and established custom; but habitual tolerance of prejudice, and even of dullness, is easier when it is accompanied by a feeling of amusement. A greater humourist than Mr. Bagehot considers it an admirable quality in the English nature that it yields slowly or not at all to logical demonstration. Mr. Carlyle even found something to admire in the pertinacity with which men believed in the Corn-laws after they had been conclusively proved to be foolish and mischievous. When nothing more could be said in their defence, people still doubted whether there might not be something on that side which could not be said. Mr. Bagehot founded a political theory on a predilection for popular tenacity. In some letters on the *Coup d'état* of 1851 which caused some scandal to his Liberal friends, Mr. Bagehot maintained that the French were too clever for freedom. On maturer experience he modified his admiration of the Bonapartist system, though he still regarded the Empire as the best Government for material purposes which the French had yet enjoyed. It is not known whether he would have shared the admiring confidence which the French Republic now excites in England. If he had believed that the experiment would ultimately succeed he might perhaps have reconciled the fact with his own principle by reference to the obstinacy, ignorance, and indifference to freedom of the rural population which has now become a principal power in the State. In time, perhaps, the French may acquire the wholesome English instinct of taking things for granted and letting well alone.

It would seem that Mr. Bagehot himself was, notwithstanding his party associations, inclined to be a Conservative of the utilitarian and sceptical type. It is to be regretted that, by a curious inconsistency, he ran counter to history and to the national character by renouncing all the Imperial traditions and associations of England. He would, if he could, both have abandoned India and the colonies, and have accepted for his country the position of a fourth- or fifth-rate European Power. It would be unreasonable, except as far as the doctrine seems to involve personal inconsistency, to discuss a heresy which is not shared by his present editor. It was not in general Mr. Bagehot's habit to struggle against the unforeseen results of natural causes. If India or the colonies had been acquired in pursuance of a theory, the proof that they were peculiarly unprofitable might suggest a doubt of the expediency of creating an Empire. Mr. Bagehot might have been expected to infer, from the long-continued and triumphant exertion of past energies, the disadvantage of depriving them of their accustomed field. In modern times the government of the colonies requires good sense and good temper in dealing with practically independent communities rather than courage or genius; but the responsibility of keeping and ruling India is in itself a liberal education to Englishmen. An interesting biographical notice of Mr. James Wilson by his son-in-law and successor explains the principle on which both conducted the *Economist*. In knowledge of the details of commercial business Mr. Wilson was probably superior, though as a banker Mr. Bagehot had, like the founder of the journal, the advantage of practical experience of trade. His wider intellectual sympathies never diverted him from the consideration of financial and economical expediency. In his time the principles of political economy had almost ceased to be subjects of controversy, though the practice of taxation and currency still requires all the care and knowledge of statesmen and their skilled advisers. According to his biographer, Mr. Bagehot attached only secondary importance to the reduction of public expenditure. On his economical policy in general it is not Mr. Hutton's present purpose to dwell. He only touches in passing on a fundamental difference of political opinion or temper between himself and his friend. Mr. Bagehot held, in common with the great majority of his educated contemporaries, that government ought to be in the hands of the refined and cultivated classes. Mr. Hutton reserves his own well-known preference for a democracy which will, as he thinks, most adequately consult the interests of the bulk of the population. No mention is made in the Prefatory Notice of the excellent work on the English Constitution which will probably be better remembered than any other of Mr. Bagehot's writings. The imaginative power which is ascribed to him by Mr. Hutton is exemplified in his faculty of distinguishing the real forces of government from constitutional fictions. Imagination, indeed, may be defined to be the faculty of seeing things as they are. The history and theory of English institutions may be conveniently studied in Blackstone. Mr. Bagehot performed the further service of explaining the actual results of a complicated series of causes.

Nearly all the critical Essays which are now republished have the advantage of interesting subjects. Mr. Bagehot had something original to say on Shelley, on Cowper, on Scott, on Milton, and even on Shakspeare. No writer has more clearly apprehended Shelley's incapacity to create or understand a complicated character. As he happily observes, the extravagant wickedness of Cenci is conceived in the spirit of a child who thinks that anybody

who is bad is very bad. It is also true, as Mr. Bagehot says, that Cenci belonged to a class which was always hateful to Shelley. "In most of Shelley's poems—he died under thirty—there is an extreme suspicion of aged persons. In actual life he had plainly encountered many old gentlemen who had no belief in the complete and philosophic reformation of mankind." It was perhaps from his excessive dislike of his own father that Shelley formed his generalization of the odiousness of age; but, even when he was less deeply prejudiced, he had no power of representing human nature. Mr. Bagehot acutely remarks that, while the unearthly beings of other poets are generally failures, "in Shelley such singing solitary beings are almost uniformly successful; while writing, his mind really for the moment was in the state in which theirs is supposed always to be. He loved attenuated ideas and abstracted excitement. In expressing their nature he had but to set free his own." Mr. Bagehot agrees with other capable critics in recognizing the perfection of Shelley's style. He has not left any special notice of Wordsworth, whom he preferred to all modern English poets. Like other admirers of Wordsworth, of Shelley, and of Keats, he would probably have relegated Byron to the second rank of poets. In his review of the *Waverley Novels*, Mr. Bagehot cordially appreciates, not only the creative genius, but the manly cheerfulness and the penetrating sagacity of Scott. No better vindication has been written of the admirable romance of *Ivanhoe* against the one-sided criticisms of antiquaries. It is undoubtedly true that no such characters or events could have been found either in the reign of Richard I. or at any other historical period; and it also must be admitted that Scott borrowed without inquiry from Thierry a false conception of the relation between the descendants of the Norman conquerors and the general English population. Yet, as Mr. Bagehot says, Scott has produced a picture of the ideal middle age which would only have been spoiled by minuter accuracy. The compositions of the great Italian painters diverge as widely from the scenes which they profess to reproduce; but their successors of the present day have not advanced religious art by copying the features of Jewish beggars or Arab vagabonds, or even by studying the geologic formation of Mount Sinai. Mr. Bagehot more than once recognizes the value, not of Scott's abstract opinions on political economy, but of the materials which he supplies for economic investigation. No critic was better qualified than Mr. Bagehot to appreciate the admirable and instructive narrative of the innovations by which the Laird of Ellangowan lost his popularity and embarrassed his fortune. It is the highest praise of Scott that he alone among English writers may at a distance be said to resemble Shakspeare. The same vigorous and joyous temperament enabled both to enter heartily into the life of imaginary characters. After quoting from *Venus and Adonis* a minute description of the windings of a hunted hare, Mr. Bagehot says that of Shakspeare we at least know this, that he had seen hares hunted with keen perception of the nature of the sport. The music of the cry of hounds is also described with sympathetic interest in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and in the prologue to the *Taming of a Shrew*; but some careful student has rightly observed that the affection of dogs for man is the only familiar relation which Shakspeare has nowhere recorded. The Essay on Shakspeare may be read with profit and pleasure after a thousand lucubrations on the same inexhaustible topic. Mr. Bagehot's criticism on Milton contains the result of intellectual conviction rather than of simple enthusiasm. With the harsh austerity of Milton's character he had evidently little sympathy; and he denounces with just severity the preposterous fiction on which the plot of *Paradise Lost* is ostensibly founded. Such a story was scarcely a performance of the undertaking "to justify the ways of God to man"; but, like a poet even greater than himself, Milton redeemed by consummate execution the faults of a vicious plan. The *Paradise Lost* is much less monstrous than Dante's Hell and Purgatory and Paradise, and it almost equally defies all but fragmentary criticism.

Essays on Gibbon and on Bishop Butler, written between twenty and thirty, display in some passages a levity which, if not consistent with perfect taste, may easily be pardoned in a young writer. At a maturer age Mr. Bagehot would have dwelt less on the foibles of Gibbon and attached greater importance to the conscientious accuracy which has astonished all his followers in the obscure region of Byzantine history. The metaphysical acuteness of the argument against Butler's famous doctrine perhaps belongs to youth. The zeal and freshness which inspire philosophic subtlety naturally precede full and tolerant knowledge of human life. Mr. Bagehot's reviews of Macaulay and Dickens are more valuable than his earlier criticisms. In both instances he had the courage to point out in the height of their popularity some defects which are now generally acknowledged. No writer has denounced with stronger or more merited contempt the absurd pretension of Dickens to the character of a social and political reformer. Mr. Bagehot also felt an extreme distaste for the coarse and histrionic pathos to which Dickens owed the vulgar popularity of his worst and latest works. An essay on Sterne does more justice to one of the first of humourists than the carping criticism of Thackeray; but Mr. Bagehot himself scarcely appreciated Sterne's astonishing power of creating living characters. For Thackeray himself Mr. Bagehot entertained a warm admiration which was not incompatible with a perception of the elements of weakness which belonged alike to his genius and his character. Criticisms on critical books are open to the

objection which in former legal procedure forbade a demurrer on a demurrer. It is more desirable to call attention to the literary remains of a man of extraordinary ability than to inquire whether his judgments were uniformly correct.

#### GORE'S ART OF SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY.\*

THAT an art of scientific discovery exists may be taken as sufficiently proved by the fact that discoveries in science are made, and those who make them do not work at random. The real question is whether, by what means, and to what extent, this art can be taught; *ei διδάσκον ἢ ἀπερὶν* in this special class of applications. While philosophers were discussing theories of method, the common sense of mankind has long ago settled that the only sure way to learn an art practically is to work under the masters of it. In this way schools and traditions of every craft have been established, quite irrespectively of the capacity of those who practise it for giving a systematic account of their procedure. When they do try to give one, it is mostly inadequate, and to outsiders often unintelligible. To begin with an example from an art both homely and necessary, but admitting of much refinement; who could ever learn to make an omelette from any of the numberless cookery-books that have been written? The only way to improve the dulness and wastefulness of English cooks is, as Mr. Buckmaster and others have justly seen, to teach by example and found a practical tradition. Again, every parish in England was a school of archery till the musket finally prevailed over the long-bow. The art is not very difficult in its elements, but there are many niceties about it. The descriptions and precepts which have come down to us in Ascham's *Toxophilus* and other works are, however, imperfect on many points and perplexing on some; and we really have no distinct knowledge of the power or accuracy of our ancient national weapon in its best days. It is familiar to classical scholars how the souls of commentators have been vexed by the technical passages of Greek and Latin authors in which building, engineering, and the like matters are discussed; and this although the places in question may profess to give full and minute descriptions. When we come to the fine arts proper, it is still more evident how imperfect are the best efforts of language to render their methods. The mechanical operations of painting or sculpture can be prescribed, warning can be given against obvious faults, and certain necessary conditions of success can be enumerated. But no one has ever been able to determine what conditions are sufficient for the production of an excellent work of art; and, even as to those which appear necessary, it is every now and then found that genius triumphs over rules and defeats all expectation. And it is in the fine arts, perhaps, that we most clearly perceive the advantages of the continuous teaching by actual work and example which forms, as we say, a school. The disadvantages of its absence have been too long and too much exhibited in our own country; and it is certainly not by the speculative study of aesthetics that we shall repair them. The most consummate masters of art who ever lived would have been unable to lay down anything like a complete theory on the subject. We are apt to forget that language is only one instrument of human thought and action, and by no means the most delicate. Man can do, feel, and perceive many things which his words are inadequate to measure. This is true of the use of language itself, considered as a special art. Such an art has been deliberately cultivated in various ways in ancient and modern systems of education. Rhetoric, whose name is now almost a term of disparagement, was once esteemed an indispensable branch of learning. Here, again, grammatical errors and obvious blemishes of composition may be corrected; and assiduous criticism working under favourable conditions may even produce, as in modern France, a national school of style. But the charm of good writing is something that defies analysis; it cannot be prescribed by rule; it is more subtle than any measurable balance of clauses or harmony of cadences; it is a power felt but imponderable.

Now the process of scientific discovery is peculiar in the range and diversity of its operations. It is both mechanical and artistic. It demands the strenuous industry of the handicraftsman for its foundations, the most delicate skill of manipulation for its critical moments, and something of a poet's genius for its consummation. No great discovery was ever made without a great exercise of imaginative understanding. The constructive effort that goes to frame scientific conceptions may be partially measured by the effort which the learner must put forth to grasp them, even when they are fully explained and illustrated. Some of the great advances, and those in the exact sciences, have been made in a kind of obscurity which the discoverers themselves did not remove. Results have been proclaimed and accepted long before formal proof of them was given; and posterity has been left to verify the methods used, or even to supply whole demonstrations. This being the nature of the art, it is to be expected that its methods should be more plain and more easily reducible to set terms than those of any common handicraft? Surely not. One may describe, just as in other arts, up to a certain point. But there remain the indescribable elements, the judgment in choice of means, the trained insight, and the tact of experience, which can be found only in the practice

itself. And this essentially practical side of the art, being in a general way important in proportion to the complexity of the matter in hand, is in the case of scientific discovery, at least in its higher regions, of an importance hardly estimable.

It is a curious and interesting question how the contrary impression ever came to prevail. We suspect that it was in great measure due to the formality and apparent exactness of the mental discipline to which the generations immediately preceding the revival of science had been submitted. The scholastic logic provided an elaborate system of rules for the comparison and combination of statements, which, although modern logicians have shown it to be by no means complete, was exact as far as it went. It is now not difficult for us to perceive that the rules of the syllogism are infallible simply because they are concerned not with things but with names. But this was not perceived by mediæval students, nor was it possible that it should be. In things spiritual and temporal alike men's minds were wholly possessed by the dream of absolute knowledge. And when they awoke to see new fields of inquiry opening before them, the spirit of their dream still followed them. Knowing that in logic and mathematics they had certain artificial methods which led them with certainty to the desired results, they assumed that there must be such a method also in natural science; that, were it once found, the secrets of nature would be rapidly and easily mastered; and that the search for it was the great preliminary task of all scientific inquiry. Bacon is the most familiar representative of this mode of thought; and, in consequence of the strength and spread of it in his time being overlooked, he has been much misapprehended both for praise and for blame. He has been praised as if he had been the sole and first inventor of modern natural philosophy, and blamed as a pretender who, on the strength of rhetoric and confused learning, set up for having an infallible method such as nobody had ever heard of, and has deceived many even to this day. But the notion of an infallible scientific method was none of Bacon's inventing. It was already in the air; people had been brought up in an atmosphere of infallibility and beaten roads to certainty, and they had yet to learn by long experience that every man must make his own road for himself. What is yet more curious is that the expectation lingered on long after Bacon's generation, and after it was evident that his method had been powerless in his own hands. Men did not conclude that the great secret was a chimera, but that it remained to be found. Descartes believed in an infallible scientific method; so did Spinoza, though we do not fully possess his mind on that subject; so did the later Cartesians, of whom one of the most brilliant, Walter von Tschirnhausen, had his ardour mildly rebuked by the warier Huygens. And in the very same breath Huygens, while pointing out the delays and difficulties incidental to experimental research, mentions Bacon's method with considerable respect. After these, again, Leibnitz cherished the conception of a sort of philosophical calculus by which morals and metaphysics could be settled on a footing of demonstrative certainty within a couple of years, and the remaining sciences completed in the same manner in no long time.

It must not be supposed that the ambition of Bacon or Descartes was confined to giving an analysis of the operations of inductive reasoning. They expected to lay down working rules by which great discoveries might certainly be reached in a moderate time, if only experiments were undertaken on a sufficient scale. Descartes commits himself to the opinion that the whole system of natural philosophy might thus be completed in a generation or two. This was partly due to the actual complexity of the problems of science being enormously underrated, as may be well seen in the *Principia Philosophiæ* of Descartes. But it cannot be fully explained without taking into account some such more subtle causes as we have ventured to assign. The world appeared as a vast collection of tangible and visible premisses already to hand, and whoever could hit upon the right scheme of moods and figures would be able to work out any number of conclusions. A real art of discovery was a thing earnestly believed in for a century at least.

Modern writers have expressly or tacitly renounced attempts of this kind. The general theory of Proof given by J. S. Mill is not an art of discovery, but a scientific account of the processes employed in the art, for the most part without reflection. It applies quite as much to judicial evidence as to any other branch of inquiry for truth, and has been used for the special purposes of the theory of evidence by Sir James Stephen. And, conversely, it is not much more likely to give any direct practical guidance in discovering a new element than in cross-examining a witness. It shows the logical bearings of observed agreements and differences, but it does not and cannot show how vital resemblances may be detected underlying apparent discord; how the mind's eye may seize the tokens of wide-reaching uniformity in the seeming confusion of particulars. Methods of proof may serve to test ideas, but they cannot create them. But if scientific genius did not bring forth ideas, there would be nothing but disjointed facts to work upon. You cannot even collect facts to any purpose without an idea to guide you. The truth is that in all but the simplest inquiries the preliminary task is to make sure of your materials, and also to bestow your labour on getting the right materials. This is often the hardest part of the business; and here there is no master-key but the tact and resources of trained common sense. But one of the ways in which common sense is trained to deal with a special class of problems is the exhibition of the methods by which problems of the same or an allied class have already been successfully attacked. Therefore writers of eminence, such

\* *The Art of Scientific Discovery; or, the General Conditions and Methods of Research in Physics and Chemistry.* By G. Gore, LL.D., F.R.S. London: Longmans & Co. 1878.



as Dr. Whewell, Professor Jevons, and the various authors who have treated science historically, have given systematic accounts of the means and processes actually employed by scientific workers in their different branches. It is unquestionable that such accounts, if brought together with judgment and accuracy, may be of the greatest use; and it appears to us that they are the best and the only possible literature of the art of discovery.

We should be glad to welcome Mr. Gore's book, if we could, as a satisfactory addition to the number of such works. But we cannot honestly do so. It has very good intentions, but fails in literary power and arrangement. The result is a mixture of anecdotes about particular scientific discoveries and discoverers, often interesting enough in themselves, with generalities about scientific truth and the conditions of inquiry too often verging on platitudes. There are too many quotations from other books, and not enough expenditure of work on organizing the miscellaneous mass of facts. Much useful matter is to be found up and down the volume, and there are doubtless parts of it which students of the natural sciences, especially chemistry, might read with advantage. But we must here take the book as a whole; and, so taking it, we are unable to pronounce it a successful piece of literature.

## SOME RECENT POETS.\*

THERE was once silence in heaven for the space of half an hour, and there has been a quiet even more prolonged in the garden of the Muses. Several months have passed since M. Victor Hugo published an epic, or Mr. Browning "a poem in verse," to adopt the language of an indiscreet announcement. Between the songs of the nightingale and the lark there is often in summer such an interval of silence, broken only by the occasional pipe of the early blackbird, or, in America, by the familiar bobolink. The works of the poets whose verse we now propose to examine may be compared, in volume at least, to the music of the less lusty-voiced fowls of the air. M. Joseph Boulmier's *Villanelles*, for example, are easily contained in a beautifully printed little book of one hundred and forty pages. Miss Robinson's *Handful of Honeysuckles* has but eighty-eight pages; and the æsthetic Vampire who is the heroine of Mr. Payne's *Lautrec* manages in fifty-nine pages to display all her store of unusual experiences. Without introducing that "invidious distinction" between major and minor poets which the undergraduate refused to draw in the case of the prophets, it must be admitted that our three authors present themselves modestly, and do not seem to ask for very extensive comment.

M. Boulmier's *Villanelles* make as charming a little casket full of enamelled ornaments in the style of the Renaissance as the amateur of jewelry in words can desire to possess. The writer is a perfect master of the peculiar form of verse into which he chooses to fix moods of gaiety, melancholy, pity, and enjoyment. He knows exactly what he intends to do, and he intends to make no very deep or solemn impression. His are the tempered sentiments which writers like Præd and like Thackeray in his verse never permit to grow up or to degenerate into passions. The author of courtly verse has equally to avoid earnestness and flippancy. His pleasure and pain, unlike those of the severer poets, must be the pleasure and pain of a man who takes Montaigne's advice and "makes no great marvel of his own fortunes." Poetry which submits to these limitations has a distinct place of its own, and a province in which M. Boulmier is a master. He prefaces to his verse by a treatise in prose on that form of verse which the French call the *villanelle*. Unlike the *ballade* and the *rondeau*, the *villanelle* had originally no strict rules. To be somewhat gay, with a rustic or pastoral mirth, and to possess a refrain, were all the qualities needed to make a short piece of verse a *villanelle*. Thus most collections of French lyrics contain the poem of Philippe Desportes:—

Nous verrons, volage bergère,  
Qui premier s'en repentira.

That poem was a *villanelle* before modern writers introduced the stricter rules of the game. Just as the rules of epic composition were deduced from the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, so M. Boulmier has restricted his *villanelles* to the form used by Passerat (1534–1602) in the line "J'ay perdu ma tourterelle." This *villanelle* is composed of five "tercets," followed by a "quatrain," or nineteen lines in all, of which seven are the mere repetition of the two refrains. M. Boulmier thinks that nineteen lines of this kind of thing are quite enough at a time, and English readers will agree with him. According to ordinary French practice, a *villanelle* "may stretch from here to Mesopotamy," or, at least, may go on as long as the villanelist can find rhymes. So much for the form of the *villanelle*, which will be illustrated by M. Boulmier's own examples. As for the topics and style, the poet must speak for himself:—

En fait de style, ce qu'il faut avant tout à la villanelle, c'est du tendre et du naïf. Les souvenirs aimés, les mirages du cœur, les divins enfantillages de l'amour, voilà son meilleur domaine. . . . Mais ce qu'elle abhorre, et à juste titre—en raison de son origine paysanne—c'est l'emphase, la sonorité banale, la mièvrerie prétentieuse, la jonglerie des mots.

\* *Villanelles*. Par Joseph Boulmier. Paris: Liseux. 1878.

*A Handful of Honeysuckles*. By A. Mary F. Robinson. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1878.

*Lautrec*. A Poem. By John Payne. London: Pickering & Co. 1878.

Here, then, is an example of a *villanelle* engaged with *les souvenirs aimés*:—

## Primavera.

Elle avait quinze ans à peine,  
J'en avais dix-huit au plus;  
Souvenir, qui te ramène ?  
Combien de fois dans la plaine  
Nos pas se sont-ils perdus !  
Elle avait quinze ans à peine.  
Nous poursuivions, hors d'haleine,  
Les papillons éperdus ;  
Souvenir, qui te ramène ?  
Puis, un jour, sous le vieux chêne  
Nos cœurs se sont entendus ;  
Elle avait quinze ans à peine.  
Bref, on la fit châtelaine,  
Et loin d'elle je vécus ;  
Souvenir, qui te ramène ?  
C'est une histoire lointaine,  
Tous regrets sont superflus.  
Elle avait quinze ans à peine,  
Souvenir, qui te ramène ?

Does not this melancholy little lyric remember its dancing-days—the old days when all these peasant measures were sung as the music of the dances? The refrains cross, and take hands, and cross again; the poem is like a disappointed little rustic beauty at a fair, tearful and half-consolated. *Le Quatorze Mai* is in the same style, but sadder. The poet writes almost as much about his cats, Gaspard and Coquette, as about his memories. Coquette and Gaspard inhabit his rooms and make them less lonely, till poor Gaspard dies. "Il n'est plus, mon vieux Gaspard," and Coquette easily consoles herself. The whole philosophy of the moody bachelor is summed up in the poem "Je tisonne." But perhaps what one likes best in M. Boulmier's book is his extremely frank epilogue:—

Soyons franc, à bas la frime !  
Ce n'est pas pour toi, lecteur,  
C'est pour moi que l'on m'imprime.

For others as well as for himself, they have printed M. Boulmier very prettily, with neat rubrics, on paper which is "a separate ecstasy." If all the world took to writing *villanelles*, life would be made hideous; but there is room surely for those of a reforming poet who has docked the endless amplitude which some of his predecessors permitted to these exercises.

Miss Robinson, with her *Handful of Honeysuckles*, has been kept waiting too long. The critic might easily find fault with this bouquet. He might say that some of the flowers have a false old-fashioned air, and, to be done with this botanical metaphor, might hint that when a lady introduces Greek names into verse she should be careful of her quantities. These things are of very little importance; to avoid them the author only needs a little of M. Boulmier's determination to be honest, and to be himself, "et je dis 'zut' à la phrase." Turning from faults of manner to real merits, the reader will find in Miss Robinson's book signs of an unusual command of metrical language, much sense of the music of words, a power of making a scene visible, with plenty of colour and light on it. Here, for example, is the verse which describes the arrival of Constance (who has set forth in a little boat to find her lost lover alive or dead) on the coast of Barbary, where of course her Martuccio welcomed her:—

First, a thick cloak of faded red,  
Then a light dress of laurel-green,  
Then a belov'd brown rippled head,  
With sleep-flushed face the curls between,  
"Constance," he cried, "Constance awake!  
How came you hither—for my sake?  
Or has our year-long parting never been?"

Here, again, is a little pastoral which is very freshly and daintily conceived:

## A Dialogue.

SHE. The dandelions in the grass  
Are blown to fairies' clocks,  
On this green bank I plucked (alas !)  
The last of lady-smocks,  
HE. Let them die,  
What care I ?  
Roses come when field flowers pass.  
SHE. But these sun-sated, sultry hours  
Will make your roses fall,  
Their large, wide-open, crimson flowers  
Must die like daisies small.  
HE. Sweet as yet !  
I'll forget  
(When they die) they lived at all !

Is there not, too, an accent, a memory of the musical age of Elizabeth, here:—

What can heal a broken heart ?  
Death alone I fear me,  
Thou that dost true lovers part,  
What can heal a broken heart ?  
Death alone that made the smart,  
Death that will not hear me,  
What can heal a broken heart ?  
Death alone I fear me.

Miss Robinson's talent is undeniable; her danger perhaps is that of artistic affectation which is often adopted out of mere humourousness for the fun of teasing the grave, but is apt to become habitual.

It is not agreeable to a reviewer to have to confess himself puzzled. *Lautrec*, however, by Mr. Payne, is very puzzling. Is

it a daring skit, in the style of *Firminian*, on the poetry of graves and ghouls, or is it a serious effort? By dedicating his lines "au noble poète Leconte de Lisle" Mr. Payne seems to hint that he is not joking. No poet is less humorous than M. de Lisle. The author of *Lautrec* prepares us for what is coming by a brief natural history of the common vampire, which "fearsomely feeds on the blood of sleeping folk." He then introduces us to a grave in which a lady vampire is waiting for the moon to rise and set her free to go and feed fearsomely. Meanwhile she is talking to herself, for want of company:—

The moon comes strangely late to-night,  
And yet meseems the dusk has laid  
On all its woven hands of shade;  
Spent is the tall wan altar-light,  
And the last vesper prayer is pray'd.

The vampire's talk is all in this style. Occasionally she uses old-fashioned terms like "meseems," "upleapt," "treen," "dreariment," and anon she quoth "the thaumaturgic splendour shone," which sounds a little more modern. Though naturally impatient, she feels that her holiday is coming:—

The signs begin to thicken fast,  
A noise of horns, as if there blew  
The clarions of all storms that brew  
Within the world-womb for the blast  
That bids the earth and sea renew.

Renew what? asks the reader, and marvels how the storms, as they brew in the womb, dispose of their clarions. Meanwhile "unto the hush I cry aloud, in tones that only sprites can hear." Thank heaven for that; it would be dreadful if people who are not sprites could hear our heroine cry aloud. To divert her leisure the vampire now tells herself the story of her first love for "a simple knight," named Lautrec:—

the fire did pass  
Of mutual love betwixt us twain;  
Then with a sob of fear and bliss,  
My senses failed me, and (ywis) (sic)  
I knew no more, until again  
He roused me with a burning kiss.

"The splendid passion of his kiss," as the vampire calls it, never left her, but all men bent "their way towards the Orient," and Lautrec too rode off to bring the Turk to reason. He was "a slave or slain," and the heroine, after a long interval of dreamy disease, was laid on her bier. The moonlight fell on her, and "a passion of strange hunger burned within her entrails." Her heart also "did burn and bleed with longings tiger-like." She yearned, in short, "upon some fearful thing to feed"; and had a fearful vision, from which, and from her catalepsy, she awakened to find Lautrec standing by her. They were married. And on their wedding night it occurred to the heroine to kiss a scar on his throat. As Mr. Macdonald says in *Phantastes*:—

Alas! how easily things go wrong,  
A sigh too deep or a kiss too long.

This was a kiss much too long. Immediately the stress

seized the lady. She kissed Lautrec's scar, and  
So fiercely delved, that, like a wave,  
The bright blood spouted fast and far.

After this adventure she became a vampire:—

At dugs of death my soul was weaned,  
Under the magic midnight star.

The poem ends with the rising of the moon, when the vampire starts on her usual professional stroll. There are many very eloquent passages in *Lautrec*, but neither the language nor the choice of subject seems to us to deserve high praise. This, however, is of course a question of taste. Our own has led us to form a rather strong opinion about *Lautrec*.

#### SIX MONTHS IN ASCENSION.\*

IN the summer of 1877 Mr. Gill undertook an expedition to Ascension by the aid of the Royal Astronomical Society, to avail himself of an unusually favourable opportunity of observing "the opposition of Mars." He was accompanied by his wife, to whom we are now indebted for a lively and most agreeable book about the island. Mr. Gill has prefaced her little volume with an exceedingly lucid and interesting introduction, giving a succinct account of the successive methods by which philosophers have arrived at calculations as to our distance from the sun. In the first of Mrs. Gill's chapters, scientific explanations likewise preponderate; but they are given so easily and pleasantly, and are so necessary to the intelligent comprehension of what is to follow, that we cannot recommend anybody to accept the alternative she offers them—namely, to pass them over, "and read about our six months in Ascension, without the reasons that took us there." Moreover, one of the most sensational incidents in the whole narrative of the search for the solar parallax is related in that opening chapter, and took place before they had started from London. A heliometer was indispensable. Setting considerations of cost aside, so delicate and complicated an instrument could not have been constructed after they had decided on undertaking the expedition; and it appears that there was only one instrument in England

that was at once suitable and available. It belonged to Lord Lindsay, who very liberally placed it at Mr. Gill's disposal. Fortunately, it occurred to them to have it set up and tested in the room of the Astronomical Society in Burlington House. Fortunately, we say, for the trials literally broke down in an accident which must have proved irremediable had it taken place in Ascension. While Mr. Gill was anxiously superintending the final adjustment of the screw, it suddenly gave out, the heliometer toppled over, and the mass of several hundredweight came with a crash to the ground, tearing, twisting, and smashing the delicate rods and tubes. The astronomer stood paralysed over the pitiable wreck, and hardly dared to stoop for a closer inspection. Happily, however, as it turned out, the mischief was less serious than it had seemed to be. The flaw that had so nearly proved fatal was discovered; and several sets of opticians, working industriously in concert, repaired the damage in something less than a week.

Ascension was certainly worth describing by any intelligent unfortunate who happened to be stranded there; though it would hardly repay the most enthusiastic of explorers to make it the special object of a pleasure tour. In the first place the island is singularly difficult of access; and in the next there are extraordinary difficulties in supporting existence when you get there. None of the outward-bound steamers touch at it. You must take your passage to St. Helena, and wait there for a homeward steamer from the Cape. But, as a preliminary, you must obtain the permission of the Admiralty to land at all; for the island is under the command of a naval officer, precisely as if it were one of Her Majesty's ships. "Indeed in the *Naval Gazette* the population of Ascension will be found under the heading, 'Crew of the *Flora Tender*,' and service here does not mean half-pay to the naval officer, but counts for active service afloat." And when you have got your permission to land, and found a steamer to bring you into the offing, disembarkation is seldom easy to effect, and must very frequently be altogether impossible. It is only in certain conditions of the weather that the surf-boats can force the lines of "rollers" which break upon the shelving beach or dash against the perpendicular cliffs. And there is an excellent reason for the Admiralty authorities being chary of what the French call a *permis de séjour*, although it is a privilege which is by no means likely to be abused. For, having once obtained a footing on the island, you find it far from easy to get anything to eat, while fresh water for anything beyond bare necessities is an absolutely unattainable luxury. The population, which consists of some two hundred souls—seamen, marines, and Kroomen, many of them invalided from the West Coast of Africa—is strictly rationed. On that sultry and shadeless rock sweltering in the middle of the ocean, the allowance of water for all purposes was a single gallon a day. Apparently the unfortunate quadrupeds had to shift for their living among the clinker in the lava beds, so that the quality of the fresh beef and mutton left as much to be desired as the condition of the riding mules. "Not even a Rothschild could buy a juicy leg of mutton here, nor enjoy the luxury of a fresh salad with his cheese." But one delicacy was in comparative abundance. The turtle-breeding ponds of Ascension have long been famous. Men are told off to turn the female turtles when they come ashore to deposit their eggs on the beach, and it is a very remarkable circumstance that the males are never seen. The ponds are two great rocky basins, into which the sea is admitted by sluices; and they have long afforded every opportunity for studying the habits and longevity of the animals. The largest of them weigh from five to six hundredweight; they are never killed till they are tolerably bulky; and the heaviest of them are supposed to be one hundred years old.

The first sight of Ascension was eminently disenchanting; nor did it at all improve on more intimate acquaintance. Timber there may be said to be none; a solitary misshapen palm-tree was a sight of joy and wonder, and natural vegetation of any kind is only to be found in a few exceptionally favoured situations. In one or two places, and notably up on the Green Mountain—so called we should suppose on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle—the taste and industry of the settlers have formed a little oasis, where the visitor may revel in a yard or two of turf, within sight of some beds of cabbages and turnips. But it might have been supposed that that arid jumble of rock would have been singularly favourable to astronomical observation. If you had scorching days and an utter absence of shelter, at least one might have counted on cloudless nights. And so, in excellent spirits, Mr. Gill and his wife set up their observatory on the level concrete pavement behind their cottage, which was facetiously known as the croquet-lawn. But no sooner had a few preliminary observations been made than the heavens malignantly darkened. Nightly, after a gorgeous sunset, a tiny cloud would rise out of the sea and gradually spread itself over the azure canopy. For any gain that was likely to accrue to science, it seemed that Mr. Gill might as well have remained in England. But it occurred to them that, after all, the eclipse might be local; and there is an amusing and exciting account of a daring exploration undertaken by Mrs. Gill, under the escort of a gallant old corporal, to see whether they might not mend matters by shifting their quarters; the upshot being, that they decided on removing bodily with the heliometer and all their other belongings to the opposite side of the island. No one can say, after reading Mrs. Gill's account of the desolate encampment at "Mars Bay," which they occupied for many weeks, that science has not its heroes and its martyrs. There was a choice of routes to the bay—one by circumnavigating the island, on the chance of somehow effecting a landing, the other over the trackless wastes of clinker. All their supplies and their drinking water had to be for-

\* *Six Months in Ascension. An Unscientific Account of a Scientific Expedition.* By Mrs. Gill. London: John Murray. 1878.



warded to them from "Garrison," the headquarters of the tiny settlement. Their fare was rough; the floor of their tents something like rough slag; their domestic arrangements most comfortable; the climate all that was abominable; and by night and day they were exposed, of course, to a plague of insect pests. Moreover the devoted wife, who had caught the sacred fire from her husband's scientific enthusiasm, had to keep alternate watches with him and the drowsy servant over the aspects of the heavens. No opportunity was neglected by these indefatigable observers. Mr. Gill was worn out by hard work and privations, and at one time his health threatened to give way; but we are happy to say that his perseverance had its reward. "Then the work was done—that is, apart of course from the laborious calculations which must ensue. As I write now these are still unfinished; but the reductions are sufficiently advanced for me to say, almost with certainty, that our six months of anxiety have been crowned with success."

We shall be glad if his very successful researches lead Mr. Gill to undertake similar expeditions, as we are sure that his sympathetic wife will accompany him. For we have every reason to congratulate her on the happy thought which made her write a popular account of the visit to Ascension. We are not giving the book too high praise when we say that it is nearly all that such a book ought to be. There is just enough of astronomy and science in it to interest our intelligence and give it the appropriate colouring. Mrs. Gill has the pleasant habit of looking on the bright side of things; although, perhaps, one might say that she could hardly help that where sunshine was a curse and shadow a luxury. She has an engaging style and graceful powers of description, with a cheerful humour that helped her to make the best of things. The variety to be found in her chapters is extraordinary, considering the circumscribed space, the very limited society, and the unpicturesque monotony of the scenery. Now we have a serio-comic narrative of the sorrows and surprises that awaited her in her housekeeping; of her feelings on discovering that there were neither butchers nor greengrocers, and that the baker only baked three times in the week, when unfortunately she had applied to him on the morrow of the baking; and that the milk on the island was reserved for the sick, who were always reduced to short allowance. We hear how she was left at Mars Bay without a cook; while, bending over the saucepans on the galley fire, with the thermometer marking a fabulous temperature, she began her practical education in cookery; how a drunken servant disappointed them of their Christmas dinner, and they had to fall back on the bacon and eggs which was all they obtained by industrious foraging. On the other hand, she is equally at home in dilating on the glorious splendour of the tropical nights, where the watchers kept their gaze riveted on the heavens; or in describing those magnificent and mysterious rollers which upheave themselves from an apparently tranquil ocean to dash and break against the precipices in trembling cascades of foam. She is the liveliest of companions in such excursions as were to be made, whether to the turtle-ponds, or the water-tanks, or the craters of extinct volcanoes; and we trust that her book may have half the success it merits, in which case, as times go, she will have little reason to complain.

#### THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE.\*

THE question is perpetually suggesting itself nowadays whether it is better for a novel-writer to be clever or entertaining. Personally we have no doubt on the matter, but then the feelings of even a professional critic are apt to get the better of his principles. Possibly, in the interests of the highest art, we ought to hold up to the discriminating admiration of our readers the talent which we are compelled to recognize, although it has impressed more than delighted us. But we fear that if we took that sublime view of our vocation we should fail to carry our readers along with us; and, on the whole, it may be more advisable to be absolutely frank and speak out all we have upon our minds. We may appreciate the depth and brilliancy of George Eliot's later writings; but somehow we cannot fall into the same kindly and familiar companionship with *Middlemarch* and *Daniel Deronda* as with *Adam Bede* or the *Mill on the Floss*; and there is a rising school of novelists, of which Mr. Hardy is one of the ablest members, who seem to construct their fictions for themselves rather than for other people. It would be scarcely fair to say that they are dull; and they give us the fullest persuasion of a latent power which would enable them, as our ideas go, to write infinitely more agreeably if it pleased them. In one respect they resemble those fashionable and self-opinionated artists who embody their personal conceptions of art in forms that scandalize traditional opinions. In another respect, as we are glad to think, they differ from them very widely. For, whatever may be our estimate of their manner in the main, there is no denying the care they bestow upon their workmanship, and this is a thing to be grateful for in these days of slovenly writing. After all, however, we are brought round again to the point we started from. We maintain that the primary object of a story is to amuse, and in the attempt to amuse us Mr. Hardy, in our opinion, breaks down. In his case it has not been always so; but he would seem to be steadily subordinating interest to the rules by which he regulates his art. His *Under the Greenwood Tree* and *Pair of Blue Eyes*, partly perhaps because of rather unpromising names, were books that received less attention than they deserved. But his *Far from the*

*Madding Crowd* was launched under favourable circumstances in a leading magazine, and—with reason—it won him a host of admirers. There may have been too much of the recurrence of marked mannerisms in it, with a good deal of what was hardly to be distinguished from affectation. But its characters were made living and breathing realities; there was a powerful love tale ingeniously worked out; the author showed a most intimate knowledge of the rural scenes he sympathetically described; and, above all, as is almost invariably his habit, he was quaintly humorous in the talk which he put into the mouths of his rustics. In this *Return of the Native* he has been less happy. The faults of *Far from the Madding Crowd* are exaggerated, and in the rugged and studied simplicity of its subject the story strikes us as intensely artificial. We are in England all the time, but in a world of which we seem to be absolutely ignorant; even a vague uncertainty hangs over the chronology. Every one of the people we meet is worked in as more or less of "a character"; and such a coincidence of "originals," under conditions more or less fantastic, must inevitably be repugnant to our sense of the probable. Originality may very easily be overdone, especially when it is often more apparent than genuine. We need not say that Mr. Hardy's descriptions are always vivid and often most picturesque. But he weakens rather than increases their force by going out of his way for eccentric forms of expression which are far less suggestive of his meanings than the everyday words he carefully avoids. His similes and metaphors are often strained and far-fetched; and his style gives one the idea of a literary gymnast who is always striving after sensation in the form of some *tour de force*. In his very names he is unreal and unlikeliest; so much so that we doubt whether nine in ten of them are to be met with in the pages of the London Directory. It is true that they may possibly be local for all we know to the contrary; and, if so, we may praise them as being in happy harmony with the theatrically local colouring of his fiction.

At the same time, having decided to write a story which should be out of the common, Mr. Hardy has shown both discretion and self-knowledge in the choice of its scene. It gives him ample opportunity for the display of his peculiar gifts and for the gratification of his very pronounced inclinations. Egdon Heath is one of the wildest spots in all England, and is situated among some of the most sequestered of parishes. The people seem to know nothing of high-roads or stage-coaches; there is nothing of a market-town in the immediate vicinity where the men might brush up their bucolical brains by weekly gossip on a market day; there is not a good-sized village, and hardly even a hamlet. The inhabitants live chiefly in lonely dwellings, where the snow heaps itself round the doors in the dreary winter-time, and where they lie listening in their tempestuous weather to the melancholy howling of the winds. The very public-house stands by itself, and bears the quaint sign of "The Quiet Woman," who is a lady carrying her head under her arm. So that naturally we have the unadorned simplicity of nature in every shape. There must have been landed proprietors, we presume, and yet we hear nothing of a squire; while there is only incidental notice of a parson when some of the natives are joined together in matrimony. The people above the class of labourers or paupers are still in very humble stations, and for the most part extremely eccentric in their habits. There is a veteran captain of the merchant service who has come to moorings in his old age in a solitary cottage in the middle of those desolate wastes, which give every convenient facility for assignations to his beautiful granddaughter, who is one of a pair of heroines. There is a Mrs. Yeobright, who is tolerably well-to-do and the mother of "the Native" whose return is chronicled; and there is the innkeeper, Mr. Wildeve, who is comparatively rich, and who figures relatively as a man of the world and a gay and fascinating Lothario. It is of these somewhat unpromising materials that Mr. Hardy has undertaken to weave his romance, and he has so far overcome the initial difficulties by making his hero, "the Native," with his leading heroine, superior by their natures to their situation and surroundings. It was their lot to be born into "a wale," as Mrs. Gamp says, and they have to take the consequences. But we are given to understand that, had their circumstances been different, or if fortune and ambition had served them better, they might have played a very different part in the grand drama of the world:—

Eustacia Vye was the raw material of a divinity. On Olympus she would have done well with a little preparation. She had the passions and instincts which make a model goddess—that is, those which make not quite a model woman. Had it been possible for the earth and mankind to be entirely in her grasp for a while, had she handled the distaff, the spindle, and the shears at her own free will, few in the world would have noticed the change of government.

Again, "in Clym Yeobright's face could be dimly seen the typical countenance of the future. Should there be a divine period to art hereafter, its Phidias may produce such faces." Those natures of *élite* tend towards each other instinctively. And when the lovers have one of their meetings, after three short months of acquaintance, "they remained long without a single utterance, for no language could reach the level of their condition. Words were as the rusty implements of a barbarous bygone epoch, and only to be occasionally tolerated." The harmony of ill-tutored minds so highly pitched could hardly fail in a sensational novel to end in discord and tragedy. Clym prevails on Eustacia to marry him; he loses money and health, and sees his dreams of good fortune gradually dissipated, while the brooding shadows of despondency fall thickly on his domestic horizon. For Eustacia is equally disenchanted of her expectations. She had given ad-

\* *The Return of the Native*. By Thomas Hardy, Author of "Far from the Madding Crowd," &c. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1878.

miring devotion to her husband, contrasting him with the bores about him; she had recognized the superiority of his manners, acquirements, and intellect; but she had looked, above all, to being introduced by him to some of the wonders of the world, and to the dazzling delights of Parisian society. For before Clym Yeobright is presented to us as "the Native" returning to his native wilds he had been serving an apprenticeship as a shopman in Paris. But when Eustacia sees herself shut up with him in a lonely cottage on that Egdon Heath of which she has grown so heartily sick; when she sees him labouring to keep their bodies and souls together by cutting furze and sods like a common day labourer; when she sees him covering up his expressive eyes with spectacles; and, in short, when she is settling down to the monotony of penury, feeling at the same time that she might have done far better for herself, then she decides to take leave of the world. With "her soul in an abyss of desolation seldom plumbed by one so young," she quits her home to strike across the moors, "occasionally stumbling over twisted furze-roots, tufts of rushes, or oozing lumps of fleshy fungi, which at this season lay scattered about the heath like the rotting liver and lungs of some colossal animal," and seeks a refuge from her troubles in a deed of desperation. She and her husband, and her admirer, Damon Wildeve, all have a meeting at last in the gloomy waters; and the crowning horror of a succession of sombre descriptions is in the search for the senseless bodies in Shadwater Weir. Unfortunately, our sympathies have never been strongly enlisted in any of the three. Even the style of Eustacia's beauty is so vaguely and transcendently described that it neither wins our heart nor takes our fancy. For the rest she is a wayward and impulsive woman, essentially commonplace in her feelings and wishes, who compromises herself by vulgar indiscretions. Thus she bribes a country lad to help her to carry out a whim of hers by permitting him to hold her hand for fifteen minutes, although she knows that he exacts those terms because he has fallen hopelessly in love with her. Damon Wildeve, the innkeeper, although in a measure idealized in a doubtful atmosphere of romance, is in reality an underbred country clodhopper who plumes himself on his substance and gentility, and an education superior to that of his neighbours; while Clym Yeobright is a moon-struck dreamer, who seems singularly out of place among the eminently practical population of Egdon.

Still we would not be misunderstood, nor would we wish to do Mr. Hardy injustice. We think he has been injudicious in his invention of characters, and that he has deliberately prepared disappointment for us in his method of treatment, if he aimed at making his story in any degree realistic. But, as usual, there are dialogues of true and quaint humour, which have never been rivalled by any writer of the present day, and which remind one of Dogberry and Verges; and there are many *tableaux* of wild and powerful picturesqueness. Take, for example, the opening scene, where the whole of the barren country on a dreary November night is kindling to the blaze of the roaring bonfires; when we are introduced to the old-fashioned parishioners of Egdon, crowding round the pyramid of furze, thirty feet in circumference, that crowns the summit of the tumulus of Blackbarrow; and there, in his description of the excited little mob, we have some of Mr. Hardy's most distinctive touches:—

All was unstable: quivering as leaves, evanescent as lightning. Shadowy eye-sockets, deep as those of a death's head, suddenly turned into pits of lustre; a lantern jaw was cavernous, then it was shining; wrinkles were emphasized to ravines, or obliterated entirely by a changed ray. Nostrils were dark wells; sinews in old necks were gilt mouldings; things with no particular polish in them were glazed; bright objects—such as the tip of a furze-hook one of the men carried—were as glass; eye-balls glowed like little lanterns. Those whom Nature had depicted as merely quaint became grotesque, the grotesque became preternatural—for all was in extremity.

Or, again, when the fair and stately Eustacia Vye steals through the darkness of the night into the glowing reflection of the balefire to keep an appointment with Wildeve, who was then paying his court to her; or when Wildeve, in his wretchedness and recklessness, later in the story, sits down to gamble by lantern-light on the lonely moors with an enemy and rival, who has thrown himself into the game with all the rancour of inveterate hatred. They are scared by spectral shadows falling across the stone table and the dice, which turn out to come from a gang of moorland ponies. When the lantern is extinguished by a great death's-head moth, they replace it with the handful of glowworms that they gather, and the wild game goes on, in its alternations of triumph and despair, till Wildeve loses his last sovereign. This scene has striking vividness and power. There can be no doubt that Mr. Hardy has no ordinary talent; and we regret the more that he should not condescend to human frivolity, and exert his unquestionable powers in trying to be more natural and entertaining. We dare say the effort would soon come easily to him, and then our gratitude might give him less stunted praise.

#### DOBSON'S CLASSIC POETS.\*

THIS book is a singular instance of the follies that well-meaning authors and respectable publishers can perpetrate between them. So far as we can gather both from the book itself and from its bewildered and bewildering preface, Mr. Dobson's object seems to have

\* *The Classic Poets; their Lives and their Times, with the Epics epitomized.* By W. T. Dobson. London: Smith & Elder. 1879.

been to make the great epics of the world (this is what he means by classic poems) intelligible and accessible to the many and the busy. The plan is not a bad one; but, like most other plans, it depends for praise or blame on the mode of its execution. Even admitting that few people do, as a matter of fact, read their Ariosto and their Milton, it remains to be seen whether more will read a dull hash of them, and, if so, whether they will be any the better for the achievement. Mr. Dobson says with truth that "a complete and intimate knowledge of these [epics] could only be obtained with little less [why little less?] than the labour of years"; and it is to persons who cannot give that labour that he hopes his work will prove acceptable. But surely there is a *tertium quid* between a complete and intimate knowledge and Mr. Dobson. Pope's Homer and Fairfax's Tasso, and even *Paradise Lost* itself, might be "perused," as Mr. Dobson would say, with something less than "the labour of years." The only justification of a book like Mr. Dobson's, as of so many more of these short cuts to literary knowledge that are now so much in fashion, is that it should be true as far as it goes, and should stimulate the reader to make himself acquainted with the masterpieces it is describing. It should in fact be really, and not only in name, an Introduction. But, for the writing of such a book, certain qualifications are desirable which seem to have been overlooked in the present instance. The author should have read, and should be able to write. He should not suppose that he is the first person that ever handled his theme, and he should consequently pay some little regard to what others have said on the subject. He should have some faint powers of distinguishing between the real and the imaginary; if he deals with the *Iliad* he should not only have heard of the Homeric question, but should know what it means, and one or two of the most probable solutions of it. He should know what to say and what to leave unsaid in his biographies. More important still, he should be able to select his poems, and not publish a book on *The Classic Poets* (even allowing the title to stand as denoting only the great epic poets) and make no mention whatever of the *Æneid*, the poem which for sixteen centuries was universally regarded as the chief poem of the world.

The epics on which Mr. Dobson discourses are the *Iliad*, the *Nibelungenlied*, a poem which he curiously calls "*Cid Campeador*," the *Divine Comedy*, the *Orlando*, the *Jerusalem*, the *Lusad*, the *Færie Queene*, the *Paradise Lost* and *Regained*. Except for the extraordinary omission we have mentioned, there is not much fault to be found with the list, though to be sure neither the *Poem of the Cid* nor the *Færie Queene* is strictly an epic. It is when we come to see what Mr. Dobson has to say that our astonishment begins. His treatment of Homer is his masterpiece. The title-page promises us a description of "the life and times" of each poet; and it will be admitted that a full account of the life and times of Homer is a work that it would be easier to undertake than to perform. Accordingly Mr. Dobson leaves out "the times," but in revenge he gives us a "life" which even Mr. Gladstone's astonishing Primer can hardly rival. He has the grace to say that the account given by Herodotus "is considered of doubtful authenticity by some critics." We confess that this phrase for the moment took us in. We thought that Mr. Dobson referred to the remarks made by Herodotus in his history on the date of the Homeric poem; or, as Herodotus of course put it, of Homer. This may fairly be described as "of doubtful authenticity." But, unfortunately, it is not this that Mr. Dobson means. He means the *Vita Homeri* by the pseudo-Herodotus; and by "authenticity" he means "genuineness." However, doubts and critics do not move Mr. Dobson; and accordingly we have a *Vita Homeri* of his own "for English readers"—with the whole story of Tychius the leather-dresser and Thestorides the schoolmaster, and the blindness of the bard, and the unkindness of the people of Cumæ, and all the rest of it. After this it is not surprising that Mr. Dobson's account of the poem and his reasonings from the poet's statements are delightfully precise and matter of fact. For example:—

According to various Greek legends, the army consisted of upwards of one thousand ships [imagine an army "consisting of ships" !], and as the largest of these contained about two hundred and the smallest fifty men, it is believed that nearly one hundred thousand allied Greeks and Achæans were engaged in the expedition.

There is a positiveness about this which will at all events delight those who are tired of the "Solar-myth" theory. We, who claim to be among the number, can only lament that Mr. Dobson has not argued a little more strongly for his position; or, at least, has not convinced us by his general accuracy that he is likely to be right. Alas! where we are able to test him, we find him sadly wanting. Andromache's father and seven brethren are slain, not in Thebe the city of the Cilicians, but in *Thebes*—whether the Egyptian or the Boeotian, Mr. Dobson does not say. Priam goes to the tent of Achilles "by stealth," though we seem to remember that Homer describes him as "followed by all his friends, who wept as though he were going to death." But it is needless to dwell on these flaws in a building whose foundations are shifting and whose structure is rotten. We will leave Mr. Dobson's treatment of Homer with his concluding passage, a specimen of platitude and indecision which it would not be easy to match:—

The attractive nature of Homer's *Iliad* is shown in more modern days by the extraordinary number of translations which have appeared—a mere enumeration of these would be a difficult task—many displaying so much spirit and scholarship as fairly to entitle them to a place in the library of all lovers of poetry and classical learning. The numerous authors of these would no doubt find profit in their study of the original and the work of translation; though it is to be feared there is some degree of inutility in their number, as well as in the many discussions and controversies regard-



ing the site of Troy, the reality of Homer's existence, and his reputed authorship of the poems with which his name has been for many centuries associated.

One of the oddest of Mr. Dobson's peculiarities is that, although about a third of his book is composed of extracts from poetical translations of his epics, it is by the merest chance that he lets his readers know where the translations come from. In his account of the Iliad he falls, quite by accident apparently, into a passage of Pope, and again, quite by accident, into one of Chapman, without letting the unlearned reader even know that each is not an example of Mr. Dobson's own versatile talent. No name of Pope or Chapman appears in his pages; nor in the chapter on the *Cid* does any note indicate that the versions are Frere's or any one else's. Mickle and Wright do receive honourable mention in the chapters on the *Divine Comedy* and the *Lusiads*, but more, we imagine, by good luck than of set purpose. We can hardly suppose that Mr. Dobson intended to pass off Pope's and Chapman's work as his own, just as his Herodotus tells us Thestorides did with Homer's poetry. And yet the book is *ex hypothesi* intended for the ignorant, for those who have not only not read the poems in the original, but who have not even read translations of them, and who therefore may not be supposed to know the difference between Chapman and Pope, or, for the matter of that, between either of them and Mr. Dobson. A short note here and there, to point out the different translators, would have added to the artistic perfection of the volume.

Of the accounts of mediæval poems, that of the *Divine Comedy* is perhaps the best; and indeed it is a testimony to Dante's greatness that the very feeblest hand becomes strengthened in dealing with him. We must not be supposed to mean that Mr. Dobson's account of him is good, but only that it is less bad than his account of other poets and poems; better than that of "Cid Campeador," for instance (what has become of the "El"?), and that of the poor misspelt, mal-introduced, and mangled *Faerie Queene*. Mr. Dobson's acquaintance with Spanish literature and history is on a par with his knowledge of the Homeric question, as may be seen from his remarkable statements that in the thirteenth century the "Spanish, or rather Castilian, poetry became assimilated in spirit and form with the Arabic" (a wild and altogether unfounded assertion), and that Castile was "a city." The life of Ariosto is told in an utterly unsympathetic way, without a single one of those characteristic anecdotes of the man in which his biographies abound, or a single reference to the nature of burlesque poetry. Nor is Mr. Dobson any better in dealing with his own countrymen. Spenser's life is told in a style that robs it of blood and sinew—in the baldest, most inconsequent, feeblest manner. Why did not Mr. Dobson go to Mr. Hales's excellent biography in the Globe edition of Spenser, or to Mr. Kitchen's in the Clarendon Press edition? Neither book is inaccessible, and each would have shown him what to say and what not. Each would have suggested to him the distinction between history and legend in biography, and would have taught a better mode of dealing with the friendship between Spenser and Raleigh than that which describes it as "originating at first from congeniality of soul and similarity of taste in the polite arts." We must leave it indeed to Mr. Dobson and his readers to decide what is gained by taking a poem like the *Faerie Queene*, the whole value of which consists in its poetry, stripping it of its poetry, and presenting it in the form of a long and rambling story. Without its dress of gorgeous poetry the *Faerie Queene* is nothing; every one admits that it is nothing. Its heroes and monsters and their wanderings and adventures are only endowed with individuality when the poet has clothed them in the garment of his verse. In Mr. Dobson's version the "palace full of echoing corridors," to use an expression that he quotes, becomes a museum of skeletons—of skeletons, too, inaccurately classed and named. For example, Prince Arthur—the shadowy presence which, as it were, towers behind the whole action of the poem—is hardly referred to in this rendering of it; and, still worse, no mention whatever is made of the double nature of Spenser's allegory—its philosophical and its historical meanings—without an understanding of which the whole poem is meaningless. Lastly, Milton fares no better. To read the pages which Mr. Dobson derotes to his life one would imagine that, except for the *Paradise Lost* and the *Paradise Regained*, he wrote nothing but pamphlets; not a word is said of *Comus*, or *Lycidas*, or the sonnets. As to criticism, all that Mr. Dobson ventures to do is to pitchfork into his text a passage of Campbell—very good as far as it goes—about Milton's use of pagan images, the reader being left to infer that this is a summary of all that has been or could be said of Milton's genius; while of remarks of his own, Mr. Dobson gives us half a page of protest against the title of *Paradise Regained*, which, as he says, "is not realized in the work." It has never occurred to him that there is a theological and artistic correspondence between the two poems; and that if the one describes the loss of Paradise by the triumph of the Tempter, the other describes its recovery by his defeat. But our readers are by this time tired of Mr. Dobson, as we are. We will leave him with one more utterance of our never-ceasing wonder what it can be which makes a man write a book of this kind—which makes a man who has nothing in the world to say that has not a hundred times been said better, take the trouble which even these pages must have cost, to say it?

#### KINAHAN'S MANUAL OF THE GEOLOGY OF IRELAND.\*

WHATEVER may be her other grievances, Ireland has no reason to complain of her geology having been neglected. In the course of the past year three works of high value have appeared, dealing with the geological structure and resources of the island with a degree of fulness and accuracy which leaves little to be desired. The handsome quarto of Professor Dr. von Lasaulx, of Breslau, published at Bonn, gave a picturesque as well as scientific narrative of a vacation tour undertaken by himself and his colleague, Dr. Ferdinand Römer, for the purpose of exploring the natural features of Ireland. Shortly before the meeting of the British Association in Dublin a most excellent introduction to the study of the island was put forth by Professor Hull, the Director of the Geological Survey, in *The Physical Geology and Geography of Ireland*, to the merit of which we drew attention at the time (*Saturday Review*, April 27, 1878). Ample, and even exhaustive, as it seemed to be in its treatment both of the external aspect and the internal stratification of the island, this admirable little manual for the scientific tourist or geologist was far from rendering superfluous the work with which Mr. Kinahan has recently presented us in his *Geology of Ireland*. Based, on the whole, upon the same foundations of scientific data, and arriving in the main at the same conclusions, Mr. Kinahan approaches his subject from a point of view entirely independent, and maintains throughout an individuality of his own. Officially connected, like Professor Hull, with the Geological Survey of Ireland, he has had the advantage of access to the store of observations and researches, as well as of material specimens, accumulated by that department, in addition to his personal investigations or the aid of private memoirs. And, if less picturesque or artistic in style and mode of handling than that of his colleague, his treatise is beyond comparison more comprehensive in scope as well as more systematic in arrangement and method. That he was led to undertake the task was, he informs us, owing to the original and veteran director of the Survey, Sir Richard Griffiths, having been incapacitated by stress of official work from carrying into effect his intention of publishing a *Geology of Ireland*. It is to the "father of Irish geology"—carried off by death, we regret to add, in the short interval before publication—that he dedicates the volume with which he proposed filling up the gap thus left, aided as he has been by the personal counsel and experience no less than by the maps and writings of that distinguished master of the subject. Of Professor Jukes's maps and written notices Mr. Kinahan has largely availed himself, and to private friends without number, including the official staff of the Survey, he is forward in acknowledging obligations. Amongst their ranks another grievous blank has been since made by the death of Dr. Oldham, whose name will be perpetuated by its having been stamped, so to say, upon the oldest recognizable fossil relic of organic life from the Irish rocks, *Oldhamia antiqua*.

Mr. Kinahan pursues in the building up of his treatise the natural order of superposition, beginning from the lowest or earliest strata. Rocks older than the Cambrian formation are unknown in Ireland, though Jukes ventured the suggestion that some of the highly metamorphosed beds of the North of Ireland might possibly be pre-Cambrian. No equivalent to the *eocon* of the Laurentian series heralds the dawn of life in Palæozoic Irish seas. Nor has the subjection of the Cambrians of Ireland to natural groups been found hitherto a feasible task, especially towards the eastern districts; whilst to the west it is greatly complicated by the rocks being metamorphosed and the fossil evidence destroyed. Rocks of the Cambrian series are distinctly traceable in Dublin, Wicklow, and Wexford, and are shown by their Longmynd fossils to belong to Sedgwick's Lower Cambrians. In no case, however, have they yielded Upper Cambrian fossils. An excursion to Howth during the recent British Association meeting gave students of geology the opportunity of verifying the metamorphism of the rocks on the south side of that promontory, consisting, as they do in the main, of argillates (clay-schist), and incipient quartzites (quartz-schist), whilst on the north side they remain unaltered. On the latter side, in greenish shales, *Oldhamia antiqua* has been sparingly met with. South of the Liffey the Bray Head group carries on this series, extending along the coast to within a few miles of Wicklow, and displaying a thickness which, estimated by the succession of alternate synclinal and anticlinal curves, has been set down by Jukes and Noyes at between three and four thousand feet. Associated with the Cambrian rocks of this group are great reefs and protrusions of quartz rock, most probably intrusive. Those of the Wexford group lie more regularly than the rest. They have been partially metamorphosed, yet not to such an extent as to obliterate their fossiliferous character. Their depth is calculated at fourteen thousand feet, the lower strata consisting of schists graduating through gneiss into granite. Mr. Kinahan's sections, though drawn, we may say, with ideal lines needlessly rectangular, show well the faults and intrusions to which these beds have been subjected upon the Bannow coast of Wexford. In West Galway and Mayo, between Clew and Galway Bays, there is a vast thickness of metamorphic and sub-metamorphic rocks, the lower groups of which have been sufficiently established as Cambrian by Griffiths and King. These rocks have a thickness of eleven thousand feet at the least, the

\* *Manual of the Geology of Ireland*. By G. Henry Kinahan, M.R.I.A., &c., of H.M. Geological Survey. With Illustrations and Map. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1878.

upper two or three thousand feet being recognized as Llandeilo, or newer age. There is a known difficulty in drawing the line between the Cambrian and Cambro-Silurian rocks, as is the case with the red and green grits, shales, and slates to the east of Granard, County Longford, which were considered by Foot to be of Cambrian age, overlaid unconformably by the Cambro-Silurian rocks; but, for lack of proof of this unconformability, as well as of fossil remains, they have been referred by Jukes to the Cambro-Silurians, the term introduced by Professor Phillips as a distinction from the Upper Silurian. Prior to the Silurian age, the Cambro-Silurian rocks of Ireland were uplifted, metamorphosed, and denuded, there being everywhere a marked break, indicating a vast interval of time, during which Mr. Kinahan brings forward evidence of two periods of vulcanicity—one, the pouring out of the interbedded eruptive rocks; the other, the time of the metamorphism of the Cambro-Silurian rocks and the intrusion of the masses of granite.

Our author thus traces back what we may call the infancy of the sister island, its baptism by flood and fire, and its earliest manifestations of organized life. With the Silurian period a more varied range of fossil fauna comes into view, with types in which the evolutionist has no difficulty in recognizing species continuous with those of the present day. The Silurians to the west of County Cork, first worked out by Griffiths, have no defined upper boundary, but form part of a continuous sequence extending up through the Lower Carboniferous into the Upper Carboniferous or coal measures. In Kerry, Galway, and Mayo they were upturned and denuded prior to the deposition of Carboniferous beds. In classifying with the Carboniferous series the Old Red Sandstone our author prepares himself for much opposition. It is, however, a point on which he has armed himself with arguments of unquestionable force, and on which his close personal investigations entitle him to speak with exceptional authority. It was in dealing with the Cork rocks—the most typical of the series—that Jukes was led to embrace the conclusions originally arrived at by Griffiths. He had in the first instance come to Ireland with a full belief in the Devonian system as that to which those formations were to be referred. After working out similar groups of rocks on the continent of Europe as well as in England, he at length satisfied himself that one portion of the rocks of the Carboniferous formation may be principally calcareous accumulations, whilst another portion on exactly the same horizon may be composed entirely of arenaceous or argillaceous materials. Nowhere in Ireland has the Old Red a defined upper boundary, one group graduating into the other, though usually the lowest grey and blue beds of grits and shales of the Carboniferous formation are taken as its upper limits. The floor of the Carboniferous sea or lagoon being very uneven, and the sea in places studded with islands or having promontories jutting out into it, shore beds are met with on very different horizons, which nevertheless, from the conditions under which they were formed, are, both in aspect and in regard to the fossils they contain, very similar to the oldest rocks. They partake, as Portlock writes, of a double position, lying geologically at the base of the Carboniferous formation, while mineralogically they occupy a higher level on different horizons in the upper rocks of the formation. These shore accumulations are the cause of much confusion, graduating for the most part horizontally into beds like the Lower Limestone shale, their real geological position being at the same time much above that group. A section of our author's (fig. 5) shows well the changes from the shore-beds into the Carboniferous limestone, the former beds (to the left of the diagram) being margined by the Fenestella limestone characteristic of the lower group of that formation, while the true position of the shore-beds is in the Barren or Upper Limestone represented to the right, where successive groups form a regular sequence upwards from the Old Red Sandstone. All attempts to correlate the Irish coal measures (Upper Carboniferous) with those of England, either lithologically or stratigraphically, have failed. If the fossil fauna alone be considered, and the flora ignored, a forced correlation with our own Lower Coal Measures may, as Baily has pointed out, be established; or, if the flora alone be taken into account, with the Upper Coal Measures of England. But, in fact, the Irish coal deposits, which are neither abundant nor of high bituminous quality, have a type of their own, approaching in some cases, Mr. Kinahan remarks, to the culm measures of Devonshire. They are divided by him into the Upper, Middle, and Lower beds, and their respective thicknesses are shown in a carefully prepared table. The greatest depth, 2,050 feet, is attained by the Upper Measures of West Munster. In Clare, Foot was of opinion that there were measures between three thousand and four thousand feet thick, and Mr. Hull has expressed his belief that extensive coal deposits once covered a large part of the central plain of Ireland, but that this potential element of wealth has since been swept away by the Jurassic flood, which heaped up the *débris* to cover from atmospheric waste the vast carboniferous stores of her more fortunate sister.

The Carboniferous period in Ireland is followed by a vast gap, which our author does much to fill up by his classification of the Permian and Triassic rocks, the two series being intimately connected together, though forming rather a group of beds at the base of the Jurassic than a separate formation. The Irish Permians are classed by him as mesozoic. Previously to the deposit of the Mesozoic series, the Palaeozoic rocks were ruptured, upturned, and extensively denuded, a process which was again repeated after the Cretaceous period; the flint, gravels, or shingles of the North of Ireland, with the fossils found in the interstratified shale-beds, bearing proof of Miocene age. The Cainozoic age which followed

has left its traces chiefly in the products of vulcanicity, great fissure eruptions succeeding one another at short intervals, and pouring forth the vast sheets of molten matter which are now seen in Staffa and the Giant's Causeway. From this period when the constructive forces which went to make up the geological history may be said to have culminated, our author passes to the stage of displacement and denudation, when the basis of the valley system of Ireland was laid down. Here he finds occasion to urge with great force the distinctive views upon the origin of rivers and watercourses which he propounded not many years back in a special work upon the subject, into which we entered fully at the time (*Saturday Review*, March 6, 1875). In contending that rivers are due to the valleys, not valleys to the rivers, he is supported by many arguments drawn from the lines of fissure determined by breaks or shrinkage in the ruling strata of various districts, the natural drainage following upon and deepening the channels thus marked out. The phenomenon of the great ice sheet, with the accompanying drift and erratic blocks, the formation of raised beaches, and the submergence of the land, which has greatly affected the aspect of the country, are treated of in an admirable chapter, as are also the cooms or corries which have always formed a perplexing feature in the scenery of hill-sides. The geological history of Ireland is brought down to the introduction of man upon the scene, and amongst the most attractive parts of the book are those which treat of the prehistoric remains of the island, the "cash" or wooden road submerged beneath the peat in Antrim and elsewhere, the bog huts, the crannogs with their rude implements, deposits, and remains of food, clothing, and household stuff, the methers or barrels of fossil butter or lard. The discussion of mines and minerals, including the gold finds of ancient and modern days, brings Mr. Kinahan down to the Ireland of the present and the future, her resources and prospects, including a most valuable classified list of the minerals and metals, with the localities over which they are distributed. As a practical ending to this instructive book an account is given of the native manures or mineral substances that may be used as fertilizers of the land, and an estimate of the water supply, in which the scientific survey of the sources and the distribution of this prime necessity in relation to the geological strata is made to subserve the economical forecast of what may be done for the future wealth of the country. The admirable geological map appended to the volume should be kept before the eye as an interpreter and illustrator of the contents throughout.

#### THE INDIA OF MEGASTHENES AND ARRIAN.\*

THIS little work is of German origin. More than thirty years ago Dr. Schwanbeck of Bonn collected all the remains of the writings of Megasthenes, and they have now been rendered into English by Mr. McCrindle, Principal of the Government College at Patna. To these the translator has added the first part of the *Indika* of Arrian, and he intends to follow it up hereafter with a translation of the narratives of Alexander's invasion of India, as given by Arrian and Quintus Curtius. To Greek writers we are indebted for the very corner-stone of Indian history and chronology. The identification of their Sandracottus with the Indian Chandragupta has supplied a date by which all our limited knowledge of Ancient Hindu chronology is regulated and tested. Without this guiding star we should be lost in myriads of years and the long succession of reigns of miraculous duration. For chronology and for history the Hindu mind had no taste. Its acute analytical and logical powers were devoted to philosophy, grammar, and criticism. In history and chronology its imagination ran wild, and the result is that, out of all the immense mass of Hindu literature, there is only one work, and that not an early one, which has any pretensions to the character of a history. It is not much better with geography. When Hindu writers get beyond the limits of their own country all their views are vague and imaginative, though they are laid down with a great show of authority and precision. It is admitted on all hands that there are gleams of truth in the Hindu writings, historic facts and heroic stories mixed up with a vast amount of fabulous and puerile matter. The difficulty is to distinguish the true from the false, and to assign some probable age for the apparent facts. Greek and Latin writers have, therefore, been diligently searched for references and allusions to Indian matters, in the hope of establishing synchronisms and identifications, or of verifying the statements of Hindu authors. No identification so important as that of Sandracottus has rewarded the researches of later enquirers; but their labours have not been barren.

Of the two writers before us Megasthenes was the traveller and observer who wrote from actual experience. Arrian was the literary man who worked up the observations of others. The work of Megasthenes, his "*Indika*," as it appears to have been called, has been lost as a whole; but it was diligently used and quoted by writers like Arrian and Strabo, and so some very considerable parts of his writings remain, probably the most important and interesting parts. These passages, scattered through the pages of many writers, Dr. Schwanbeck collected, and we have them now in a complete form in English. It is right and convenient so to possess them for purposes of reference, but they are not likely to

\* *Ancient India, as described by Megasthenes and Arrian.* Being a Translation of the Fragments of the *Indika* of Megasthenes, collected by Dr. Schwanbeck; and of the First Part of the *Indika* of Arrian, by J. W. McCrindle, M.A., Principal of the Government College, Patna. Calcutta: Thacker & Co. London: Trübner & Co.



throw much new light upon the subject. They have been diligently examined at first hand by historians, and Elphinstone gave a tolerably exhaustive summary of the Greek accounts of India in his well-known history. We may, however, take a brief survey of the travels and observations of Megasthenes. He was not the first Greek who wrote about India. Hekataios of Miletos (B.C. 549-486) referred distinctly to that country, and Herodotus and Otesias followed. But all the Greek writers laboured under a great disadvantage. They were acquainted with Ethiopia, and, according to their notions, India was only a more distant part of Ethiopia. So they found in India what they were prepared to find, and Ethiopia was made to interpret India. They carried with them also their own mythology and heroic history, so they speak of the conquests of India by Herakles and Dionysos; but there can be no doubt that in one instance at least Megasthenes has mistaken Siva, the Hindu god, for Herakles, and the probability is that the unknown was often appropriated to and explained by the known. The natural result of such preconceptions was a frequent distortion or entire perversion of facts. Later writers were aware of these results, and spoke of their predecessors in very plain terms. Dr. Schwanbeck quotes the following from Strabo:—

Generally speaking the men who have hitherto written on the affairs of India were a set of liars. Deimachos holds the first place in the list; Megasthenes comes next; while Onesikritos and Nearchos, with others of the same class, manage to stammer out a few words (of truth).

But Strabo has been kinder to Megasthenes in deed than in word. He has quoted passages from his writings which would otherwise have fallen into oblivion. Alexander's invasion of India brought forth quite a crop of memoirs. But they have all shared a common fate, and are known only by the quotations and abstracts of later writers. Next after these comes Megasthenes. He was sent by Seleucus Nicator, monarch of the Greek kingdom of Bactria, on an embassy to Sandracottus or Chandragupta, ruler of the Prasii or Prachyas, whose capital was Palibothra, identified with the Sanskrit Pataliputra and the modern Patna. Megasthenes went on this embassy at a very interesting period. There had been a revolution. The old line of the Nandas had been overthrown, and Chandragupta had won the crown. But a greater revolution was imminent, or rather already in progress. Brahmanism was the prevailing religion, but Chandragupta's grandson Asoka was a Buddhist, and in his time Buddhism had more or less supplanted Brahmanism. Buddhist writings recognize Asoka as the great monarch and champion of their faith. But his religious inscriptions which have been found in widely distant places prove his Buddhism to have been of a very mild character. It has even been denied that they contain anything essentially Buddhist, and they certainly have more of the spirit than of the form of Buddhism. Were similar inscriptions found in Christendom, they might be described at Rome as Christian, not Catholic. So Megasthenes refers distinctly to Βούττα, or Buddha; and in his remarks upon the philosophers and the religious orders it is sometimes hard to say whether he refers to Buddhists or not, but in general he is distinct enough about the Brahmins. In the time of Megasthenes the caste system was in full vogue, so Brahmanism must have been in the ascendant; but the fact that Chandragupta married a daughter of Seleucus Nicator, shows that caste rules had become relaxed, or, what is more likely, that the monarch favoured the rising faith of Buddha. Instead of four castes, Megasthenes makes the number seven. He does not call them by their Hindu names, and his division seems to be of a professional character. Herodotus had found seven classes in Egypt, and perhaps Megasthenes had this fact in mind when he wrote of the Indians. His description of the life and manners of the Hindus applies in many respects to the people of the present day; in their simple food, their abstinence from strong drinks, their mode of dress, and their love of peace, they continue unchanged. Their laws are described as very simple, the people knew nothing of borrowing or usury, good faith governed their dealings, their property was left unguarded, and law-suits were rare. If this happy state of things ever existed it has long since passed away. It would be difficult to find a more suspicious and litigious being than the modern Hindu. The King, Chandragupta, is represented as living in a large palace with a body guard of women, and these women fully accoutred accompanied him in his hunting expeditions. His camp, when he took the field for war, contained 400,000 men. The capital, Palibothra, stretched ten miles along the bank of the Ganges, and was two miles wide. It was thus a very considerable city, but it probably contained many large gardens and groves, and, like its modern representative, it must have been built of frail materials, for no remains of the ancient city have been discovered. The fragments of Megasthenes describe the extent and climate of India, and give many details as to the number and size of the rivers. Its climate and its natural productions are also noticed, and, if the observer was correct in his statements, India was a much more happy country in his day than in later times. After describing its cereal productions, and its great crops of millet and rice, he goes on to say:—

The soil yields, moreover, not a few other edible products fit for the subsistence of animals, about which it would be tedious to write. It is accordingly affirmed that famine has never visited India, and there has never been a general scarcity in the supply of nourishing food. For since there is a double rainfall in the course of each year—one in the winter season, when the sowing of wheat takes place as in other countries, and the second at the time of the summer solstice, which is the proper season for sowing rice and *bosporum*, as well as sesamum and millet—the inhabitants of India almost always gather in two harvests annually; and even should one of the sowings prove more or less abortive, they are always sure of the other crop.

He is careful to record many notices of the different tribes and animals of India, and it is upon these points that his veracity has been particularly impugned. "Travellers," says the adage, "see strange sights"; it might have added "and hear strange stories." Megasthenes guards himself occasionally with a cautious "It is said"; and, as it is not sure that we have his exact words, we cannot in fairness blame him for not having discriminated between what he saw and what he heard. India, according to its own books, was a land of marvellous creations. It had its "horse-headed men," "men who wrapped themselves in their ears," "crow-faced people," and "one-footed people." All these monstrosities are mentioned in Hindu books of the highest repute and sanctity; a foreigner therefore cannot well be blamed for recording such well-supported wonders. He states distinctly that he was told of these by the philosophers, and in several instances the terms he employs are either transliterations or exact translations of the original names, as Okupedes for Ekapada (one-footed), and *δυσποδάκτυλοι* for the *paschad angulajas*, whose feet were reversed, and had their toes where the heels should be. These wild men "could not be brought to the King," nor could those who had no mouths, nor those who had only orifices for nostrils, nor those who had "the ears of a dog and one eye set in the middle of their foreheads." The two orifices for nostrils may only be an exaggerated description of the flat-nosed Tartar face. Strabo's ire is especially raised against Megasthenes for saying that there were men whose ears reached to their feet, but legends of such people are not wanting in the present day, and it is certain that the ears are sometimes stretched to an inordinate length by their being used for carrying heavy articles. It is impossible to understand the story of the ants as big as foxes that burrowed for gold. Lassen's supposition that they were Tibetan miners is hardly tenable. Probably they and the pigmies spoken of by Megasthenes are Hindu creations and known to him only by report. He speaks very fully about elephants, of which he had full opportunity of personal observation, and he is very correct. We are, therefore, disposed to agree with Schwanbeck, "that the relative veracity of Megasthenes is not to be questioned, for he related truthfully both what he actually saw, and what was told him by others."

#### A HERO OF THE PEN.\*

THE people who talk Johnsonian English in the pages of *A Hero of the Pen* are called, some Americans, others Germans. They might as well be called Choctaws, or Chinese, or even Jovians or Martians, for any likeness they bear to the ordinary men and women who wander up and down the earth in this latter half of the nineteenth century. Turning from a careful, clear, and subtle sketch of the American woman as she lives and flirts in the works say of Mr. Henry James, to this indescribable farrago of impossibility and folly, is like turning from the perfect finish of a Dutch picture to the chance combinations of a painter's palette. There is very little intelligible story in this silly book, and still less of intelligible character-drawing. The author harps on the old string of misunderstanding going before love, which once did such good service, but which is now worn out and rusty; and no one can feel the smallest interest in the puppets which are set up to dance to the feeble melody. The heroine, Miss Forest, is strained and unnatural; a creature too entirely unsympathetic to make her fictitious history other than wearisome, even if it were possible. For what interest can any reader feel in a woman whose great ambition seems to have been to make herself as much like a mummy as is possible to living humanity, and one whose coldness is only equalled by her pride, and her pride only equalled by her insolence? From the first, one feels that she is only a jointed doll, and that when the author drew her it was without any clear consciousness of her personality.

A girl of "eighteen summers," perfectly beautiful, but wanting in "that expression of cheerfulness and *insouciance* which youth and beauty so rarely lack—that under-current of diffidence, and, above all, that touch of softness which a woman's face can rarely dispense with, and never without loss"; a girl whose "whole appearance betokened cold gravity of disposition, stern, calm, and undeniable self-consciousness"; a girl who says to the man about to make her an offer, while "a passing blush o'erspreads for an instant her features," "Speak, Mr. Alison"—strikes the false note at the beginning which the whole story repeats. Anything more unnatural and less American than this opening scene of the proposal can scarcely be imagined. "Truly a fertile year lies before you," says Miss Forest, when her lover tells her of his intention to go to Europe for a year. She would probably have said in real life—"My! but you'll have an elegant time out there!" Her farewell greeting—"Pray accept from me my best wishes for a pleasant journey and a safe return"—would have been:—"Well, I hope you'll have a good time anyhow, and I'll be real glad to see you back again." And instead of the stately "Speak, Mr. Alison," which answers the young man's "Miss Forest, may I address a question to you?" Jane Forest, born a German but bred an American, would have tilted herself further back in her rocking-chair, perhaps would have bitten her nails—many of them do—and then would have called out shrilly: "Well, I guess you can if you want to." When Mr. Alison, the young gentleman in question, and "as

\* *A Hero of the Pen*. A Novel. By E. Werner, Author of "Under a Charm," "Success, and How he Won it," &c. Translated by Sarah Phillips. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington. 1878.

stiff and unlike humanity as she is herself, makes her the offer of his hand and heart, she accepts him in the same queer, stilted manner. "You have put a question to me candidly, Mr. Alison," she says, "firmly and clearly, without the slightest hesitation or reserve," "and my answer shall be perfectly straightforward. I am aware of the feeling you profess towards me, and reciprocate it; when you return, I will place my hand in yours with the greatest confidence in our united future." Her acceptance, measured as it was, evidently rather astonished Henry Alison, as well as pleased him; for "a joyful expression lighted up through the coldness of Alison's features, but he immediately resumed the measured calm of his manner, as though he were ashamed of his involuntary exhilaration."

The story is complicated by the fact that Jane Forest has a long-lost brother. Her father, who dies immediately after this not too burning love scene between the young people, confides to his daughter as a sacred charge, first, the fact that she has a brother somewhere about Germany, but where, under what name, or in what circumstances he does not know; and then urges on her the immediate search for that brother, with whom she will divide her fortune. Consequently the beautiful young heiress goes off to Europe in the footsteps of her betrothed, carrying with her as her protector the family lawyer and man of business, one Mr. Atkins, but evidently, rich as she is, with neither a maid nor a courier. Her arrival at B., where her father's brother, Dr. Stephan, lives, is as melodramatic as it must have been uncomfortable. Her carriage breaks down when she is still at some distance from the town; but, instead of waiting quietly by the road-side, where at least she might have been sheltered from the wet until another carriage could be sent, she walks off with the first stranger who passes by, and who proves to be no other than a certain Professor Fernow, who lives in the very house to which she is bound. The antagonism which is to develop into love, and which the author is now using with such wearisome reiteration, begins as soon as the two meet. The Herr Professor, young, blue-eyed, sensitive, absorbed, marches on at speed; forgetting that he has a young lady in his charge, and ignorant that it is raining heavily, and that the roads are one mass of mud. When recalled to a knowledge of these facts by her expression of anger and fatigue, he takes off his heavy woollen plaid, places it on the ground, and makes her sit on it; and then, in spite of all her insolence and sarcasm, when they come to a pool of water a foot deep, catches her up in his arms and carries her safely through. After this they do nothing but flash, and writhe, and grow red and pale, and bite their lips; while sometimes the chest of one heaves, and sometimes the other stamps her feet when she is alone; and both "carry on" in the approved manner of two simpletons who are falling in love with each other, and playing at enmity by way of prelude. But why should they fall in love with each other? There is nothing to soften the one or attract the other. The Professor is reserved, sensitive, uncomfortable. Miss Forest is insolent to the extent of forcing him to tell her that, were she a man, he would answer her differently. There are none of those delicate little episodes which made the charm of *Success*, and *How he Won it*: no sentiment of gradual growth, of sweet young tenderness born of this gentle trait, or that noble action, but as yet afraid to confess itself. All is harsh, angular, abrupt, forbidding; and to give these quarrelsome approaches as the intuitive self-masking of love is to make the caterwauling of two angry cats the model on which to found an opera. The involuntary betrayal of the parting comes *à propos* of nothing. The two have fought bitterly ever since Jane Forest came to B., and in the only two interviews recorded; but why, save for the spite of a proud, ill-tempered young minx, who has been withstood by the man she insulted and strove to humiliate, why there should be the scene as it is given, when the Professor goes off to the wars, would puzzle the acutest critic to determine.

The story, slight as it is, takes one little line of complication when Jane Forest believes that Professor Fernow may turn out to be her long-lost brother. The evidence is something after the pattern of that famous "Have you a strawberry on your left arm?"—"No!"—"Then come to my arms, my long-lost child!" But novelists serve up terribly poor fare at times, and readers have to be content. However, it turns out that not he, but his big servant Friederich, is this brother; and Jane, who finds it all out in time, helps him when he is dying, after having treated him worse than the traditional dog while he was alive. He loses his life, however, in saving hers, something after the manner of "Banty Tim"; so that he deserves a reward; but, as the poor fellow very sensibly says, she would have been ashamed of him if he had lived, in spite of his devotion, the most sensible thing he could do was to die.

There is a great deal of folly bound up in Jane's promise to Henry Alison. As she had never loved him, and sincerely believed that he had asked her to marry him only because she was rich, one cannot see why she had engaged herself at all; or why, when she wanted her freedom, she did not take things with a high hand, and say in her vernacular:—"Now, you just look here. I don't feel like wanting to be married to you, and I shouldn't think you'd care to either when I didn't want to. I should think you'd be pretty glad to give me up right away if I asked you to." Instead of which, she has to go down on her knees and beseech Henry for her release, which at first she tries to buy by the offer of all her fortune. This is being lavish. An action for breach of promise would have left her at least something. But Henry Alison, in spite of his uncomfortable ways, does really love this cold, proud, disagreeable young woman; so he tears up the deed of gift, and flings the fragments on the floor: but when she kneels to him and cries, he

gives way, and the two snarling lovers come to peace and harmony and the marriage service, as they desire. So end these two silly and uninteresting volumes, of which we cannot find one qualifying word of praise to say. The translation may be exact—we have not compared it with the original—but the style is lamentable; and with stilted language, unnatural characters, and a thoroughly unlikely story, we feel as if we had been looking at a toy forest made of painted tin and dyed calico, with wooden dolls set about to represent the human beings who live therein.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

NOTHING meets our view just now in publishers' shops but books in sumptuous bindings, evidently destined for Christmas presents, and whose glory is for the most part confined to the drawing-room table. Amongst these productions, however, there are some possessing real intrinsic merit, and not depending for their reputation upon morocco and gilt edges. Such is, for instance, M. Duruy's Roman History (1), the first volume of which is just out, and which was hardly completed when an illustrated reprint of it was begun. The present instalment, bringing us down to the end of the Second Punic War, is accompanied by eleven maps, and the pictorial illustrations are taken, not from fancy, but from the monuments of sculpture, architecture, and numismatics. The fourth volume of the large geographical work of M. Elisée Reclus (2) belongs to the same category of publications; it fully maintains the character of the previous instalments, and deals with England and the other countries of Northern Europe.

Under the title *Posthumes et Revenants* (3) M. Cuvillier-Fleury has recently published one of those collections of literary portraits which he gives us, we are sorry to say, at such long intervals. We have Mme. de Boufflers and Count de Sabran, Mme. Récamier and M. Ampère, Mme. Geoffrin and the King of Poland. Critics have often been reproached for their severity, but it is only just to remember that they have been not infrequently helped in their task by the indiscretions of those whom they had to judge. Take, as an instance, M. de Chateaubriand's *Mémoires d'outre Tombe*, or M. Mérimée's *Lettres à une inconnue*. Revelations of this kind are very damaging to the persons concerned; but at the same time they have the advantage of letting us know the truth. Mme. Geoffrin is one of the most interesting figures in M. Cuvillier-Fleury's gallery of portraits. Thanks to M. de Moüy, we know her a great deal better than we did ten years ago; but her entire correspondence has not yet been published, and when it is printed, as we hope it may be one day, it will be amusing to find the reputed friend of the philosophers, the hostess who entertained at her weekly dinner parties the whole staff of the *Encyclopédie*, cutting her guests to pieces in private, and speaking of Voltaire, D'Alembert, Diderot, and their friends with an amount of bitterness which Joseph de Maistre himself never surpassed. M. Cuvillier-Fleury's new volume is completed by two speeches delivered before the Académie Française on the occasion of the reception of MM. Autran and John Lemoinne.

The memoirs and letters of Cardinal de Bernis (4), edited by M. Frédéric Masson, will take by surprise those readers who were acquainted with the statesman's life and character only through the correspondence of Voltaire and Anquetil's History of France. No one would ever have suspected that there was in "Babet-la-Bouquetière" the stuff of a patriot, a diplomatist, and an honourable man; but M. Masson is of opinion that in the Cardinal's case calumny has hitherto had too much scope; and, as he asserts nothing which cannot be proved, we must confess that the world really knew nothing about Bernis before the publication of these two interesting volumes. If we may believe M. Masson, the whole French eighteenth century has been sadly misrepresented; legend has taken the place of history; and the time has come for a thorough revision of the indictment so elaborately made out against the reign of Louis XV. Persons who had hitherto undertaken the study of that period with the *à priori* intention of seeing in it nothing but the annals of corruption, materialism, and *mœurs faciles*, will find their theories completely upset; and an honest investigation of the memoirs and State papers belonging to the epoch extending from 1715 to 1776 will conclusively show that, together with a certain amount of vice which it would be absurd to deny, France could then boast of many instances of virtue, self-sacrifice, and fidelity to all the duties of social and domestic life. M. Masson's long and exhaustive preface explains the principal events related in the Cardinal's memoirs, and forms, so to say, a commentary on the work. We have, besides, a series of letters from the Abbé-Count de Bernis, an appendix of documents, and abundant help in the shape of notes, indices, &c. The responsible position which the editor, M. Frédéric Masson, holds as Librarian to the French Foreign Office, has enabled him to illustrate in the most curious manner an important epoch in the diplomatic history of the last century.

M. de Rochambeau had collected, annotated, and published for the Société de l'Histoire de France the correspondence of Jeanne

(1) *Histoire romaine*. Par V. Duruy. Edition illustrée. Vol. 1. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

(2) *Géographie universelle*. Par E. Reclus. Vol. IV.—*Le Nord de l'Europe*. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

(3) Cuvillier-Fleury.—*Posthumes et Revenants*. Paris: Lévy.

(4) *Mémoires et lettres du cardinal de Bernis*. Publiées par F. Masson. Paris: Plou.



d'Albret and Antoine de Bourbon. Baron de Ruble, already known by his excellent edition of Blaise de Monluc, now undertakes to write the history of Jeanne d'Albret herself, and gives us, as a preliminary instalment, an account of her marriage (5). We need not say that the Princess was the daughter of Marguerite d'Angoulême, and therefore the niece of King Francis I., *le roi chevalier*, as he is popularly called. Documents respecting Marguerite abound; every circumstance in her life has been dragged to light, and the insinuations of the late M. Génin, unfounded as they seem to us, have given a somewhat undesirable reputation to the author of the *Heptameron*. In the case of her daughter, the ground is still new, and with the exception of a biographical notice in Messrs. Haag's *France Protestante* and two works written by M. Théodore Muret and Mrs. Freer, we had nothing worth mentioning in the way of authentic and trustworthy details. As Baron de Ruble remarks, everything is new both for the writer who attempts to relate the life of Jeanne d'Albret and for the reader who wishes to inquire into it; facts and documents alike are entirely and absolutely *inédits*. Even the date of the Princess d'Albret's first marriage was still a mystery; and the episode of her union with Antoine de Bourbon had never yet been accurately described. Some persons will perhaps be induced to find fault with the present volume for dealing too much with the anecdotal side of history. But matrimonial negotiations, as Baron de Ruble observes, always in the middle ages, and even during the sixteenth century, formed an important element in political complications; and, to quote only one instance, we see by Cardinal de Granville's State papers, and by Ribier's Memoirs, that dynastic ambition had as great a share in the quarrels between Francis I. and the Emperor Charles V. as the passion for conquest. Baron de Ruble's monograph is divided into four chapters, and substantiated by a goodly array of *pièces justificatives*. An engraved portrait of Jeanne d'Albret faces the title-page.

The fourth volume of Molière's works, published in Messrs. Hachette's "Grandes écrivains" (6), reminds us of the mutability of human affairs. Since this admirable collection was begun death has already removed a large number of the original editors. MM. de Monmerqué, Adolphe Régnier fils, and Despois, to name only these, are no more; and M. Mesnard, after having contributed the Racine, now finds himself entrusted with the care of editing the Molière, together with MM. Desfeuilles and Henri Régnier. The volume before us contains *Le mariage forcé*, *Les plaisirs de l'île enchantée*, *La princesse d'Elide*, and *Le Tartufo*. Besides Voltaire's summaries, the editors have added from contemporary sources all the documents which could illustrate the composition and performance of Molière's plays, and in the case of *Tartufo* it is curious to know the history of the efforts made at various times to prevent the success of that masterpiece. The grammatical notes are all that could be wished, and we may also notice the musical arrangement of Moron's songs in the *Princesse d'Elide*.

Molière is so closely connected with the Comédie Française that we find here a natural opportunity for mentioning M. René Delorme's interesting work (7). Foreigners are well acquainted with the museum of curiosities preserved at the theatre of the Rue Richelieu, which is constantly receiving fresh additions. But Frenchmen in general, and even Parisians, know next to nothing about it. Yet this collection boasts of portraits by Mignard, Largillière, David, Gros, and Gérard; with busts by Lemoine, Houdon, Dantan, and David d'Angers. There are to be found most of Beaumarchais's MSS., Molière's own arm-chair, the bell which sounded for the massacre of the Huguenots on St. Bartholomew's day from the belfry of St-Germain l'Auxerrois, &c., &c. All these curiosities are certainly worth a visit, and M. Delorme's *catalogue raisonné* will be an excellent guide for those who would wish to become acquainted with them.

M. Victor Pierre's second volume (8) completes his history of the Revolution of 1848. Louis Napoléon had been elected to the Presidency, and the new Republic was thus entering upon a fresh career; universal suffrage had transferred the power from the Assembly to a single individual, and, in spite of the fond illusions entertained by a few unpractical men, it was evident that the restoration of the Empire was only a question of time. M. Victor Pierre's narrative of the political events which gradually led to the *coup d'état* is clear and interesting; the only defect of the volume being the almost absolute want of notes and references. The account of the catastrophe of December 2 confirms amply what M. Victor Hugo and other eye-witnesses had already told us. M. Pierre explains very well, we think, the principal characteristics of the crisis which then took place. He shows that the moderate Republicans made a signal mistake when they allowed themselves to be identified with the Socialists; and he points out the curious fact of the Socialists recruiting their ranks, not chiefly, as before, from the population of the cities and large manufacturing countries, but from the peasants and agricultural labourers. This fact may be considered as having ruined for a time the cause of the Revolution. When it was

seen that the rural districts, till then supposed to be inaccessible to Utopian doctrines, not only allowed themselves to be led astray, but even deliberately accepted the wildest schemes, it seemed indeed as if society was on the verge of destruction, and it is hardly surprising that the rule of the sword was enthusiastically welcomed. M. Victor Pierre dwells over and over again upon the shrewdness of Proudhon, whom he considers the most clear-sighted of all the innovators of the time.

M. Clovis Lamarre has treated a subject which, to French readers at any rate, is almost entirely unknown, and he has done so with a fulness leaving nothing to be wished for (9). In the first place, we have a biographical sketch of Camoens taken from the best authorities; a notice of *Os Lusíadas* comes next, supplemented by critical remarks on the subject of the poem, the composition, style, &c. The numerous allusions contained in the work could not be thoroughly understood without some knowledge of Portuguese history; the *Lusiads* indeed may be regarded as a kind of *Pastor Lusitanicus*; and M. Lamarre accordingly furnishes us with a summary which will be found extremely useful. Finally, a prose translation, written upwards of fifty years ago, by M. Millié, and enriched with critical and literary notes, enables Frenchmen ignorant of the Portuguese language to appreciate, if not the style, at least the ideas, of Camoens.

We do not imagine that the uncomfortable views of pessimists will ever penetrate beyond the circle of intellectual society; but the existence of such a literary school is a fact worth studying, and we are glad that M. Caro (10) has devoted to it a series of brilliant and interesting sketches. Leopardi in Italy, Schopenhauer and Von Hartmann in Germany, may be regarded as the leaders of this strange sect. M. Caro examines them successively, and comes to the conclusion that the very extravagance of pessimism must prevent it from ever obtaining any popularity; its influence is essentially artificial, and mankind will not readily be satisfied with the hypothesis that existence is a curse, and that even science is a delusion and a snare.

M. Benoit Brunswick has contributed an excellent volume to the history of diplomacy by his commentary on the Treaty of Berlin (11). Geographical delimitations, international relations, political and financial problems, guarantees for the future, and temporary arrangements for the present—all these topics are discussed in a set of chapters written with evident care, and followed by the text of the treaties of Paris (1856), London (1871), San Stefano (1878), and Berlin (1878), together with the supplemental conventions resulting from these important documents.

The work of M. Alfred Michiels (12) on the Austrian Empire has reached a fourth edition, and we are not surprised at the success which it has met. Originally published in the journal *Le Siècle*, it is composed with the help of documents hitherto entirely uninvestigated, and which the Court of Vienna had done its best to keep under lock and key. Baron Hormayr, who presided for twenty-five years at the Imperial Record Office, openly acknowledged that the history of Austria, such as it was generally accepted towards the beginning of this century, consisted of nothing but a bundle of fictions written and compiled by the Jesuits. It is from the revelations given by him, from Cardinal Caraffa's *Germania sacra restaurata*, and from other sources equally trustworthy, that M. Michiels has drawn up his bill of indictment against the Government of Austria, which he considers as, even more than that of Russia, the representative of despotism, corruption, and cruelty.

The spirit which has dictated M. Jean Wallon's new work (13) is to be found in the following sentence:—"Libéral et Athée sont deux mots que l'on s'efforce de rendre synonymes." If our author hates Jesuitism, it is because he is attached to Christianity; and he has no difficulty in demonstrating that our modern Liberals, when they attempt to solve the religious problem of the day, signally fail because their fanaticism is equalled only by their ignorance. M. Wallon is equally suspected by free-thinkers and by Ultramontanists; he nevertheless persists, as M. Reveillaud does, in separating the cause of religion from that of the Jesuits; and he tells the advanced liberals that they are much mistaken if they suppose that atheism is the only sound substratum for Republican institutions. His volume is all the more valuable as it contains no trace of the violence and exaggeration which unfortunately damaged the arguments put forward thirty years ago by MM. Michelet, Quinet, and Génin.

The important work composed by the late M. de Loménie (14) is not entirely new, as the readers of the *Correspondant* can bear witness; but one-third of it now appears for the first time, and we have thus another noteworthy addition to the curious studies of the French eighteenth century given by M. Frédéric Masson (*Le Cardinal de Bernis*), and the Duke de Broglie (*Le Secret du Roi*). Whilst collecting, during the space of twenty years, the materials for the present monograph, M. de Loménie enjoyed the advantage of intimate acquaintance with Mirabeau's adopted son, M. Lucas de Montigny. "This gentleman, it is well known, naturally anxious to justify the great orator from the

(5) *Le mariage de Jeanne d'Albret*. Par le baron Alphonse de Ruble. Paris: Laflitte.

(6) *Œuvres de Molière*. Vol. IV. (Collection des grandes écrivains.) Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

(7) *Le Musée de la comédie française*. Par René Delorme. Paris: Ollendorff.

(8) *Histoire de la république de 1848*. Par Victor Pierre. Vol. II. Paris: Plon.

(9) *Camoens et les Lusíadas*. Par Clovis Lamarre. Paris: Didier.

(10) *Le Pessimisme*. Par E. Caro. London and Paris: L. Hachette & Co.

(11) *Le Traité de Berlin annoté et commenté*. Par Benoit Brunswick.

Paris: Plon.

(12) *Histoire secrète du gouvernement autrichien*. Par Alfred Michiels.

Paris: Charpentier.

(13) *Jésus et les Jésuites*. Par Jean Wallon. Paris: Charpentier.

(14) *Études sur les nouvelles études sur le société française au XVIII<sup>e</sup> siècle*. Par M. de Loménie. Paris: Dentu.

accusations directed against him and to rehabilitate his memory, had composed a work entitled *Mémoires de Mirabeau*, although the designation was not strictly accurate. At the same time, he freely communicated to M. de Loménie all the documents he possessed, with full permission to make of them whatever use he deemed best; and the result is now before us in the shape of two octavos containing a history, not only of Mirabeau, but of the *Mirabeaus*. Indeed it would be more correct to say that the celebrated politician occupies in the present work a merely incidental place, his life being destined to form the subject of two further volumes, the materials of which have been left by M. de Loménie. As the author of the *avant-propos* justly remarks, the history of the Mirabeau family surpasses by its stormy and scandalous character all that can be imagined, and the great difficulty in dealing with it was to avoid the temptation of dragging into publicity circumstances which ought to be buried in oblivion. M. de Loménie has been successful in this respect; he maintains throughout his narrative the dignity of an historian, and if the public has been invited to feed upon scandal in the case of a family which the great orator himself designated as *la famille d'Atrée et de Thyeste*, it is mainly due to the indiscretion of the Marquis and Marchioness de Mirabeau.

The sketches published by M. Henri Houssaye (15) treat of antiquity and modern times; and the circumstance of their having been written in the places of which he speaks increases their value and adds much to their interest. Without aiming at scientific treatment or at archaeological minuteness, M. Houssaye shows a real knowledge of classical antiquity when he examines the social condition of women at Athens, the state of the Roman provinces under the Empire, and the characters of Augustus, Tiberius, and Nero. The account of the first siege of Paris, B.C. 52, excited much attention when it was published separately in the form of a pamphlet, and a competent judge, M. de Saulcy, drew to it the attention of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-lettres, as being a sketch "full of erudition and of interest." Readers fond of contrasts will be amused by the article on the Parisian ladies of the last century, if they turn to it immediately after seeing what M. Henri Houssaye has to tell us about the heroines of Aristophanes, Lysistrata, and Praxagora. The decay of French dramatic literature and the invasion of the stage by the authors of ignoble buffooneries form the subject of a few eloquent pages.

Bernadille's second series of *Croquis parisiens* (16) equals the former one in point of variety and of *entrain*. The *feuilletons* are thirty-six in number. They reproduce some of the incidents which, from the 4th of January, 1876, to the 26th of March, 1878, have occupied the curiosity of the *badaud*-world; and there is abundant good sense, taste, and clever satire in this amusing and unpretending little volume. Bernadille is every inch a journalist; he thoroughly knows the *argot* of journalism; and we can well imagine that, if La Bruyère could once more visit Paris and saunter along the boulevards, note-book in hand, he would write much as Bernadille does. One of the most amusing chapters is devoted to the sayings of a French Mrs. Malaprop, whose medicine-chest contains *ordure* of potassium, *surface* of magnesia, and salt of *mitre*. The supposed *discours de réception* of M. Émile Zola at the Académie Française, made up of expressions taken from the *Assommoir*, is a good illustration of what we suppose is to be the literature of the future; and the *Lettre de l'Archéologue Perrichon* will be pronounced scandalous by Dr. Schliemann's admirers.

M. Léon Rousset discourses about China (17) with the accuracy of a man who well knows the country, the inhabitants, the laws, and the institutions. He regrets that his fellow-citizens are so careless about their political standing in the far East; and that, through their apathy, they should consent to re-echo merely what England, America, and Russia are pleased to decide about the Celestial Empire. Two centuries ago French influence was all-powerful in China; now it has almost entirely vanished, and M. Rousset's object in composing his entertaining volume, after seven years' residence abroad, is chiefly to prove the necessity of recovering that influence and to explain the best way of doing so.

Thanks to the artistic perfection of the Chiswick press, M. Gladly, the London publisher, challenges comparison with MM. Lemerre, Techener, and Plon, for the beauty of his editions. A few months ago we had to notice his elegant reprint of *Manon Lescaut*; he now presents us with a delightful little volume containing Amyot's well-known translation of *Daphnis and Chloe* (18). As an additional attraction, M. Gladly has obtained from M. Alexandre Dumas a preface, in which the author of *La Dame aux Camélias* cleverly reproduces the style of the sixteenth-century French.

(15) *Athènes, Rome et Paris*. Par Henri Houssaye. Paris: Lévy.

(16) *Esquisses et croquis parisiens*. Par Bernadille. Paris: Plon.

(17) *A travers la Chine*. Par Léon Rousset. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

(18) *Amyot—Daphnis et Chloé*. Préface par Alex. Dumas. London: Gladly.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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